Catholic Digest

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GOOD IN THE PASSING WORLD

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Volume 14

NOVEMBER, 1949

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts.



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Catholic Digest



VOL. 14

NOVEMBER, 1949

A report on two trials by a famous correspondent

Red Howl for Justice

By GABRIEL PRESSMAN

Condensed from the American Legion Magazine*

saw two men brought to trial this year-Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty and Eugene Dennis. To see their trials, in Budapest and New York, was to see the difference between two worlds.

On Feb. 3, Cardinal Mindszenty and six other Hungarian Catholic leaders stood in a dingy courtroom on Marko St. in Budapest before a small, selected audience. They faced charges of plotting to overthrow the government, of treason, and currency manipulation. Before a week was out. I saw the cardinal convicted-guilty on all counts. He was sentenced to life imprisonment, stripped of his property, and banished from public life.

Meanwhile, Jan. 17, Eugene Dennis and ten other American communist big shots stood in the modern Federal Court building on Foley Square in

New York in a courtroom packed with reporters from the world press. They faced charges of teaching and advocating the overthrow of the government by force, Fifty-six days later, with the jury box yet unfilled, the offense was still firmly in the hands of the defendants as they bombarded judge, prospective jurors, and press relentlessly.

Outside and inside the courtrooms, the contrasts between totalitarianism and democracy were dramatic.

Marko Street on the opening day of the Mindszenty trial was kept clear of onlookers by a patrol of militiamen carrying tommyguns. Five or six daringly curious Hungarians stood silently half a block from the courthouse entrance.

Foley Square on opening day was packed with cameramen, 500 pickets chanting prodefense slogans, scores of

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newsmen, hundreds of spectators and an outnumbered police force. Even Judge Harold R. Medina, to get to his chamber, had to thread his way through a picket line—where some marchers held up copies of the communist *Daily Worker* carrying black headlines, "Frame-up Trial of 12 on Today," while others booed and hissed.

Inside the Budapest courtroom a score of correspondents, mostly fellow travelers, part-time Hungarian stringers and communists, sat alongside government-picked interpreters. The only American correspondents were Ed Korry of the UP and myself. Western correspondents who knew the country best were refused visas for the trial. In the Federal Courthouse in New York sat 70 of the world's full-time radio and news correspondents, representing every shade of opinion from the Daily Worker and Tass (the Russian news agency) to the Chicago Tribune.

In Budapest the people were not admitted to the People's Court. Communists, plain-clothes men, a few relatives of defendants were admitted by the political police—after passing six checkpoints of tommygun-toting guards to reach the courtroom door. In New York it was "first come, first served" for the general public.

I didn't see the Mindszenty defense lawyers take a single note. Most of the time they twiddled their mustaches, looked at the murals or just looked bored. They did not consult each other once.

Meanwhile, in New York, five clever

defense lawyers seized the initiative on opening day. They took notes copiously, they consulted endlessly, keeping the court waiting. Dozens of times each day, they leaped to their feet objecting to everything from the American judicial system and the very basis of the trial to the judge's "hostile" habit of scratching his head.

Vilmos Olti, the renegade nazi who served as communist chief judge of Mindszenty, spent most of his time directing witnesses, lawyers, and the defendants themselves into attacks on the defendants. He guided them in "yes" and "no" answers, and constructed the case against them.

In New York Judge Medina spent much of his time defending himself against unrelenting charges of "judicial misconduct." Goading Medina through defiance of his orders and rulings, by quarreling with his right to preside, the defense tried to construct a case against him.

Consider typical days. In Budapest Olti sits on the dais, his eyes cold, his voice staccato. He hardly looks up from the papers as he hurls questions at the defendants.

Down beneath sit the defendants. Cardinal Mindszenty, his head cocked slightly to the right, as it was during all the trial, his eyes big and full. Alongside, the other defendants, all cowed or dazed or indifferent. They don't follow the proceedings with any interest and they don't talk. They can't, since a militiaman separates each from the next.

They don't talk to their lawyers,

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either. The lawyers look down at their shoes. Only Olti, prosecutor and jury as well as judge, relishes the proceedings. He has allowed the prosecution seven witnesses, and today the defense asks to call just one. Olti refuses.

From the once stubbornly courageous, now obviously beaten and humiliated cardinal, Olti elicits countless apologies. About the book Mindszenty had written: "If I drew on the wrong sources, I am very sorry about it." About the letters allegedly addressed to the American Legation: "I accept these evidences against me. I am sorry for having sent this material." And when Olti asks: "Do you admit the manipulations of such exorbitant sums of money and severe attacks on this country's economy?" Mindszenty says: "I do, and I am sorry."

This man shortly before his arrest said: "Hungary has degenerated into a gigantic chamber of horrors, a den of robbers and thieves." Today his readiness to confess at once is too much even for the court. The cardinal stands to read a statement repudiating his prearrest warning to the world that any future confession would be the result of "human frailty." He starts to read but the judge says, "I don't think you want to read that now."

Olti questions Andreas Zakar, the cardinal's boyish-looking secretary. Of all defendants, whitefaced Zakar seems most eager to please. And Olti, in contrast to his tough attitude towards the others, is benign and fatherly with Zakar. The judge prods Zakar gently when he forgets his lines. Zakar acts

like a little boy kept after school to write something on the blackboard a hundred times.

Zakar, in answering a question, uses the word "democratic" in the western sense. Olti interrupts sternly, "Liberal bourgeois democratic or people's democratic?"

Zakar (searching): Er—liberal.

Olti (with fatherly severity): That means against progress.

Zakar: Yes, sir.

Now Olti asks Zakar for some detail but Zakar cannot remember (a common failing with all the defendants). Zakar is mute. Olti reads from the police minutes.

"Yes, sir, those are the facts," says Zakar.

Olti (in a very kind voice): You only couldn't remember every word.

Zakar (eagerly): Of course, sir.

Zakar, despite Olti, manages to stammer through to one true conclusion. Olti wants Zakar to say a priest named Zsamboki, who allegedly arranged an interview between Prince Otto and the cardinal in America, had belonged to the royal entourage.

Zakar: This priest was . . .

Olti: With the royal family.

Zakar: Yes, sir, with the royal family, or better . . .

Olti (kindly): You are trying to say he belonged to the entourage of the royal family . . .

Zakar: Yes, sir, to the entourage, or better, he stood near to them ... or better he was a priest in different Hungarian-American churches.

The trial runs like a well-rehearsed

but poorly produced play. It seems hardly necessary to have it, since the defendants confessed before it began. Lenin declared that a Soviet court is "an instrument to inculcate discipline." That is certainly what this is. When Olti is satisfied that the defendants have incriminated themselves enough, he lets Cardinal Mindszenty's lawyer make some final remarks.

The lawyer, Kalman Kiczko, has been a communist since 1919. Mindszenty chose him, the court wants the world to believe, over such outstanding Catholic lawyers as Joseph Groh, expelled from the lawyers' trade union on the eve of the trial for insisting on defending the cardinal.

Kiczko removes his spectacles, and, almost cringing before the microphone, says, "My client has chosen me of his own free will." Then, the balding, obsequious lawyer tells the court how devoted he is to the Hungarian government, how much the people's democracy has done for the Hungarian people. Once, Kiczko mentions that his client is naïve, but mostly he just praises the government again and again. He denounces the foreign press: "They have written numerous calumnies against Hungary." He disputes that the trial is unfair: "No one either at home or abroad can accuse us of restricting freedom." And the coup de grâce: "I thank the prosecution for bringing up the charges against my client." Kiczko sits down, and even Olti smiles.

Shift the scene to the trial of our American communists.

The atmosphere is different here. Unlike the stern-faced ex-nazi in Budapest, Judge Medina, rocking to and fro in his red leather chair, seems more like a judicial version of Adolphe Menjou. As Medina rocks, the defense lawyers take turns jumping to their feet to object. They resemble reciprocating pistons in a well-greased machine. A prosecution witness identifies defendant and the defendant screams, "You rat!" The defendants seem very aware of what is going on, and they don't like it. They even express their opinions in such undiplomatic language as "mockery of justice," "frame-up," "you two-bit stoolpigeon!" (shouted at a government witness), and "a Hitler trial."

The defense protests the jury-picking system. After nine weeks, scores of witnesses and millions of words, they

fail to prove their case.

Once the trial is under way how strange it seems to a visitor from Budapest! Instead of constantly confessing (and competing to confess the most), the defendants are constantly consulting with one another and their lawyers. No policemen bar the way, in fact, they go home every night to their families and to speak at rallies in their behalf—except for the four who were temporarily remanded for contempt. There is a definite feeling in the courtroom that they actually aim to fight the prosecution, and win the case.

The government is questioning Louis F. Budenz, former editor of the Daily Worker. Budenz mentions the "ninth floor of the Daily Worker," and

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Prosecutor John F. X. McGohey asks, "Do you mean the ninth floor of the *Daily Worker* building?"

Harry Sacher, fiery little defense attorney, jumps to his feet: "I object to that as leading to the witness, obviously so."

Judge Medina: Well, I tried to indicate a little while ago that as to some matters, I will permit leading questions. It seems to me fairly obvious that this is what the witness meant.

Sacher: I don't know that anything can be taken for granted as obvious with this witness.

McGohey: I move that that remark be stricken out.

Sacher: Your Honor, this man, Mr. Gordon (McGohey's assistant) just turned around and pointed his finger at me and said, "Sit down." I want to call this to the court's attention. I will not permit myself to be terrorized by counsel for the government.

Medina: I see you are returning to your old role.

Sacher: I object to Your Honor's remark and I ask Your Honor to instruct the jury to disregard your statement.

Medina: Mr. Sacher, I dislike shouting and disorder and I will not tolerate it. I don't know what little passage may have occurred between counsel here but that does not justify your carrying on this way.

Sacher: Your Honor, Mr. Gordon turned around and he faced me and waved his finger at me and said, "Sit down."

Gordon: That is not so.

Defendant John Gates: You're a liar. Medina: You have waved your finger at me, Mr. Sacher, and that doesn't bother me. I don't see why you get so excited.

Sacher: Well, Your Honor

Medina: Let's let these little incidents evaporate and not occur any more.

Sacher: May I respectfully ask that you tell the government to desist from facing the defendants' counsel. Their backs are supposed to be turned to me and I prefer to see that part of them.

Medina: You see how one thing may lead to another without profit to anyone. We get into a dispute as to whether something was said or not. I think the wisest course to pursue is: let's forget it.

But they don't forget it. The defense lawyers are gunning for the judge. "You scratched your head and pulled your ear," says Sacher at one point, attempting to prove the court was trying to prejudice the jury against defense statements. Medina laughs, "You have called me corrupt and everything else you could think up. I want you gentlemen to understand that when I scratch my head I'm just plain scratching my head."

A sense of humor saves Medina. A witness points out that the Workers' School in Chicago was run by the Communist party. Medina asks: "How do you know it was run by the Communist party and . . ."

Iserman (defense counsel) interrupts: I object to that question.

McGohey: May I ask a question?

Sacher: May we have a ruling, Your Honor?

Medina: I'd better keep my nose out of this for the time being.

Sacher: May we have a ruling on those objections?

Medina: Yes, I will sustain the objection to my question. (Laughter.)

So ends a typical day in Foley Square. Lawyers and defendants gather their volumes of testimony, thousands of pages and millions of words, take their briefcases and notes, and leave the courtroom. They stop in the corridor for a smoke, chat gaily with admirers. They walk down the steps of the courthouse, hail three taxis and drive off. That night they will appear at a rally denouncing the "infamous frame-up trial."

At the end of a typical Mindszenty session, the defendants are ushered by tommygun-toting militiamen to their cells. Correspondents, who are not permitted within 20 feet of the defendants in the courtroom, don't even know the location of their cells. They are held incommunicado between sessions.

Of course, this routine is shortlived: the trial lasts only three days.

When the outnumbered New York police patrolled the streets, as much to protect the 500 pickets as the hundreds of spectators, defense lawyers protested violently in the courtroom. They attacked the police detail as "a Hitler trial," "an armed mob in uniform."

"Do we have to wait," Gladstein demanded, "until we've been intimidated so we're too paralyzed to speak?" Medina denied a defense motion that the police guard be removed and the trial be adjourned for three months: "That's the most absurd thing I've ever heard of. You gentlemen don't act intimidated, but I recall picket lines that made it difficult for me to get into the courthouse."

In Budapest the militiamen would not permit any Hungarians even to stand in the vicinity of the courthouse, much less picket or protest.

Sacher objected to the lack of spectators: "The Nuremberg war criminals were given more seats than we get here." Actually, 62 seats in the black, marble courtroom went to newspaper reporters, 20 to defendants' relatives, and 65 were distributed to the general public on a "first come, first served" basis.

In Hungary no one entered the court without a ticket. Only trusted communists and a few relatives of defendants received tickets.

The Mindszenty trial was over in less than a week while the Foley Square process has dragged on for many months. Yet, one day when Medina complained of delays, Sacher warned, "While speed is a commendable objective, justice is more important."

Medina: It's nice to have you remind me of that.

Sacher: Let it not be said that the court was impatient in hearing all the relevant testimony.

Medina: No matter how much time was given the charge would still be made. But if anyone thinks I'm coner

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ducting a trial in a way to rush people and to prevent them having sufficient time to present their case, it is my opinion that the record will refute any such charge.

What the record won't show is how the defense carried on outside the courtroom. As soon as the trial was announced, not only picket lines but nationwide protest meetings, petitions, and "People's Freedom Committees" were organized. A "People's Freedom Crusade" sent thousands of telegrams to the President and Congress.

The 12 defendants—national chairman William Z. Foster was not brought to trial because of illnessengaged a public-relations officer, Simon Gerson, and a staff. Gerson's organization bombarded the newspapermen covering the trial with press releases under a letterhead "Trial of the Twelve." At night, after sessions, "mass protest" meetings were held. The "Progressive Theatre" of New York-strongly sympathetic to the communists-even put on an operetta called Trial in Holey Square. A parody on Gilbert and Sullivan's Trial by Jury, the operetta slandered Judge Medina and Prosecutor McGohey (they called him O'Hooey) vehemently. In one scene the judge says, "While I'm on this bench I won't have anybody else obstructing justice." The climax comes when a mob of enraged "workers" storms the courtroom and drives the judge and jury out, ending the "phony" trial.

Cardinal Mindszenty had no press secretary at his trial. Neither did he nor the other defendants speak at rallies. I was not permitted even to chat with the cardinal. The police never allowed the press closer than 20 feet. In contrast to the defense propaganda mill in Foley Square, in Budapest it wasn't even possible to get informal aid. The secret police saw to that. Terror was applied to cut off Hungarians from all contact with Americans and British. During those tense days, many Hungarians were arrested and tortured for no greater crime than having an American come up to his house one night for a cocktail.

The contrast in the press and radio in the two countries is worth noting. Long before the Mindszenty trial began, Hungarian newspapers, entirely government-controlled, had convicted the cardinal. Two days before the verdict, an editorial in the official communist newspaper Szabad Nep shouted of the cardinal, "A pitiable worm -a scared scoundrel-an unmasked Tartuffe-stands before the court . . . one who puts aside his principles and aims and does not care for anything except his wretched life." The Hungarian radio called the cardinal "a bloodthirsty beast of prey." And the government's press chief told correspondents at nightly press conferences, "Tell your readers that the cardinal is not a brave man or a hero of freedom. but a weakling, a coward." In the U.S. it might be considered contempt of court; in communist Hungary it goes with the judicial system.

Over here most newspapers took a hands-off attitude in editorializing about the defendants' guilt or innocence. They reported objectively. Even newspapers which were less than objective were paragons alongside the Daily Worker. Sample Daily Worker headlines: "McGohey Fishes Another Filthy Specimen from Cesspool;" "Frame-up Indictment of the Twelve;" "C. P. Statement on Medina Outrage" (when Medina sent Gates to jail for 30 days for contempt of court for refusing to answer a question when so directed by the court).

I went up to defendant Eugene Dennis and asked the communist national secretary to compare his trial with the trial of Mindszenty. Dennis told me to see his press secretary. Gerson, the secretary, said Dennis wouldn't make the comparison.

But outside, a chanting picket who said he was a communist was quite

willing to talk. I walked alongside as he paraded his sign. How would he compare the trials? "No comparison. These men are innocent, Cardinal Mindszenty confessed." Did he think Hungarians should have been permitted to picket the Marko Street courthouse? "Of course," But did he know they weren't, and that patrols of militiamen kept the courthouse clear of everyone, even just the curious? "Well. the Hungarian government was right. Who would want to picket anyway? Only reactionaries, and they don't deserve any rights." "Is a person who is anti-communist a reactionary?" "Of course." I thanked him, and watched him swing around at the corner, to march back down the street. The lettering gradually faded out of sight.

The sign read: "Free the Communist Leaders! Defend Civil Liberties!"



Imagine, Religious Tendencies

In 1944, when the Soviet army reoccupied Estonia, some young people bowed to the inevitable and did their best sincerely to accept the communist ideology. However, they seem to have miscalculated their power to ignore Soviet reality. Sirp ja Vasar (Hammer and Sickle), the organ of Soviet Esto-

nia's writers and artists, mentioned a few examples this May.

"A few years ago the young poetess Ellen Hiob aroused the lively interest of our public. Her verses were firm, youthfully vital; they sounded the firm resoluteness of the Soviet citizen, love for the Soviet fatherland, faith in the victory of communism and the will to fight for this victory. However, some time ago Ellen Hiob, left to work by herself, lost the ground under her feet and deviated into decadence. Moods of pessimism and hopelessness, alien to the Soviet citizen, penetrated into her poetry, and some of her poems showed religious tendencies."

Newsletter from Bebind the Iron Curtain (12 Aug. '49).

Girl With Christ's Wounds

HERBERT GEORGE KRAMER, S.M.

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of 1922, Bishop William Hickey of

Providence, R. I., launched a million-dollar drive for the construction of several new high schools in his diocese. The bishop did not expect any collection to be endorsed in all quarters, but he never surmised that this drive would be bitterly opposed by Rhode Island's French-speaking Catholics, so traditionally loyal to the Church. They did not argue that the drive was wrong. Instead, they questioned his right to assess their parishes. The parishes already supported their own elementary French schools, and they protested even though the drive was for high schools.

By 1924, a leader had arisen to crystallize the movement around a weekly newspaper called *La Sentinelle*. The paper spared no words in attacking the bishop, and its circulation grew. By 1927, its followers had become so bitter that they refused all financial support to the Church. The bishop now had to resort to drastic action. He ordered his priests to refuse the sacra-

Condensed chapter of a book*

ments to all who persisted in their opposition. He finally felt

himself forced to excommunicate the 56 leaders.

At the height of the unhappy episode, the broken-hearted bishop looked for someone to give him supernatural assistance. The person he chose was the daughter of a blacksmith named Ferron who lived in Woonsocket. Ferron, before beginning his day's work, assisted at Mass, and on his way home stopped again at church for that typically man's devotion among French Canadians, the Way of the Cross. His wife, dedicating each of her children to a mystery of the Rosary, had finished all 15 decades. Marie-Rose, the child dedicated to the 10th mystery, the Crucifixion, was the person Bishop Hickey called upon in his distress.

At the age of six, Rose had already had a vision of the Child Jesus. "I saw Him with a cross," she said, "and He was looking at me with grief in His eyes."

When Rose reached 13, she became seriously ill after carrying dinner to

*Crucified With Christ. Copyright, 1949, by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York City. 269 pp.

her father on a slushy spring day. Her right hand and her left foot were paralyzed. Her hand was cured, however, while she was taking holy water one morning after Mass two years later. In an instant it opened and once again she could freely move her fingers. But her foot never healed, and for 12 years she could not walk without crutches.

Rose saw herself destined to be a cripple for life, and sadness and loneliness cast a shadow over her girlhood. One summer morning, when she was 17, she felt her misery more acutely than usual. Years later she recalled how she felt. It was Sunday, and from her window she could see her sisters and their friends chattering and laughing as they left for church. "The life that overflowed from these girls seemed to be the best that the world could give, and I contrasted myself with them. I felt crushed. I saw myself miserable, destitute, and abandoned by God; I thought of my infirmity, of my crutches, and I was heartbroken."

Then Rose met a priest who taught her how to suffer, so that by the time Bishop Hickey called on her, when she was 25, she had completely solved the mystery of suffering for herself. She could even say that she hungered and thirsted after it and that suffering was to be her state of life. By this time she had been bedridden for five years.

The bishop called on the Ferron home because he knew he would meet there a victim who would be willing to offer herself for his diocese. On her part, Rose recognized "a good heart" in the bishop. He felt so much at ease in her presence that all resistance broke down and he wept bitterly. "My child," he pleaded, "will you suffer for the Diocese of Providence, for its priests, and for those I was obliged to punish?"

"I will do whatever you want," answered Rose without hesitation. "I am willing to suffer as you wish for the return of those you have excommunicated. I will pray for their return."

The bishop thought that Rose should reflect a little before complying with what might become a real martyrdom. He left the room for a few minutes to let her consider the full import of her acceptance. When he came back, Rose repeated her consent.

Calm began to settle slowly over the Sentinelliste battlefield. Many thought it was the calm before a fresh storm. But a lone victim was obtaining graces for an entire diocese through unusual, mystic suffering. Once, in ecstasy, she was heard to plead: "Take away my speech, if that will help. Take my eyes! Take my mind!" And with her eyes glistening with tears, she added: "Take everything I have and cherish. I am ready to suffer until the last one is converted, even 100 years if You so wish it!"

One by one, the 56 rebel leaders came back to their Church.

One day, when Rose was 22, the house was filled with the odor of freshly baked bread. Her younger sister, who was munching a crust, invited her to have some.

"I can't," answered Rose, who already knew that her eating habits were going to be unusual. "If I do, I may die."

"Die from eating or die from hunger-what's the difference? Try, at least."

Rose tried and suffered as if she were actually going to die. When all was over, her left hand was deformed. It was to remain crippled until her death.

After that she ate no more solid food. For 11 years, until her death, Rose took only liquid food and even this she was at times unable to keep. Realizing that she could receive Holy Communion, a priest once gave her some tiny unconsecrated particles. They promptly made her ill. Moreover, four years before her death, she did not even drink water for a period of three months. But Rose felt hunger and thirst. She still craved food even though she had to subsist on a diet that would have meant starvation for an ordinary person.

"Little Rose," as she was called by her friends, had begun her role of victim without foreseeing what type of suffering was in store for her, or what unusual signs God was to work in her martyred body. Her abstinence from food and drink was only the beginning of many phenomena. Throughout them all, she remained docile to authority, both medical and spiritual, and tried always to avoid publicity.

Bishop Hickey authorized a private oratory next to Rose's room. When Mass was said there, especially on the

feasts of the Blessed Virgin, Rose would drop into ecstasy after the opening prayers, though she always revived in time for Communion. Generally, the instant she received the Sacred Host, her head fell back and she again drifted into ecstasy. Not the slightest movement of her throat muscles indicated that she was swallowing the Host, although It disappeared instantaneously. Various priests noted this fact, even one who seemed not to believe in the mystic character of Rose's experiences.

Rose Ferron was one of the most completely stigmatized persons on record. Although only 30 have borne the five wounds and the crowning of thorns, Rose had all of these as well as the shoulder wound and the bleeding from the eyes.

The wounds of Christ's scourging had appeared now and then during the latter part of 1926. But it was during Lent of 1927, a few months before Bishop Hickey sought in Rose a victim for his diocese, that these wounds began to appear regularly every Friday. The red and purple stripes were clearly visible on her arm, which seemed to have been lashed with whips. The wounds swelled and smarted like burns.

Two days later, before the eyes of her biographer and another priest, the wounds of the nails appeared in her hands. Her feet, too, bore the marks of the nails. Rose had the sensation that her blood did not circulate beyond the latter stigmata, but that the blood "streamed forth" from them. In describing the piercing of the muscles of her hands, Rose explained, "I feel them tearing apart; they seem to separate into shreds and to be drawn aside." A priest who examined these wounds in 1930 wrote, "The blood gave a sweet-smelling odor unknown to me, somewhat like a perfume; my hands became saturated with it. It was not a transitory smell, since the odor persisted till the following morning."

The stigmata of the heart began during the Lenten season of 1929. They brought such sharp pains to Rose that she sometimes fainted. She said that the interior pain was "frightful." At times it was in her back, "where the lance seems to have stopped."

The wounds of the crown of thorns resembled, in her mother's words, "two heavy cords that encircle her head." The holes made by the thorns themselves made Rose feel "as if her head were breaking open." Those thorn stigmata never disappeared completely. They were still visible after her death.

Finally Rose suffered from the shoulder wound, which also brought her acute pain.

The five wounds and the crown "came to stay," but the others appeared every Friday and disappeared on Saturday as rapidly as they had come, without leaving a trace. On Fridays, when the bleeding would begin, Mrs. Ferron would lock the doors of the house and admit only a few visitors who had obtained special permission. Rose was embarrassed at feeling herself an object of study and would keep

the stigmata under cover. Some of the visitors fainted upon seeing Rose in agony. Such incidents caused great annovance to Rose's mother.

There are various descriptions of Rose's sufferings on Fridays, during which the progress of the crucifixion could be followed. She would repeatedly ask the time, clearly awaiting her hour of deliverance. As three o'clock approached, she would begin to tremble and ask all to leave the room in order that she might be alone with her dying Saviour.

Father Boyer has described Rose's agony on a Friday in November, 1929. "At 11 A.M., the cavities of both eyes were filled to the brim. The night before, I asked her why she did not wipe it away. She answered, 'By wiping it off, the skin is often taken along with it; but, if I leave it, the blood dries and scales off the following day.' And still by leaving it, she felt the blood burning, as though it were an acid.

"The right eyebrow was split open while I was there, and as the wound enlarged, the surroundings of the eye became blue, yellow and black. I have seen many bruised eyes; but that one was the worst I have ever seen. The very sight of it was painful.

"The right side of the lower lip, also, was split open, and as the swelling increased, new wounds were formed on the chin.

"After dinner time, she entered into ecstasy, her right arm straightened out; if her left arm, which was tied to her body, had stretched out in the same way, she would have been in the

form of a cross. Shortly afterward, she writhed with pain, her lips clenched and trembled, and I could hear the muscles snap, as the arms seemed to be pulled out of their sockets. Suddenly the movements stopped, her head jerked backward and while she was gasping for breath, I heard a crunching sound at short intervals. Was it the tearing of the muscles that made the sound, as if the limbs were pulled out of their joints? As I heard them, they seemed to me as though the pains of Christ echoed from Calvary. Rose felt as though her bones were out of their sockets, but still touching one another on ends. To avoid the pain, she did not dare move. At times, Rose would clench her teeth to overcome the torture. The chill of death made her shiver, and cold sweat would appear. At that moment, she said: 'I thirst,' They gave her water to drink. Rose repeated a second time: 'I thirst,' and then, 'I thirst for souls,'

"Finally her chin dropped, her mouth remained open, and the pallor of death suggested a corpse."

A physician from Massachusetts assisted Rose at a number of these crucifixion sufferings. After the ecstasy, he helped her bring the dislocated arm back into its natural position, for the joints were out of their sockets. In his own words, "This sometimes took half an hour to perform and was accompanied with excruciating pains. Two weeks before her death I did this three times the same afternoon. I never could understand how the girl could suffer so much!"

The inevitable question of official medical observation finally arose. We have Rose's own description of her acceptance of this proposal in 1931.

"In July, I bled every day as on Friday. It was terrible! I felt that if the authorities were to do something, it was the time. I had no repugnance to being examined at the time and was willing to submit to the ordeal. But on the first of the month, the Friday on which I bled so regularly and for so long a time, on that very day, there was no trace of blood and even the wounds could hardly be seen. That day, Father called to tell me that I would be examined in two weeks. On seeing me, he said, 'What! Today, Friday, and there is nothing?' It's strange, but since then my wounds have not bled."

Rose was pleased at the temporary relief afforded her parents, for her torments allowed them little peace of mind. She had even asked her director whether it were wrong for her to pray for the removal of all exterior signs of the stigmata.

During an ecstasy she had prayed: "O my Jesus, I wish to suffer more and more, but spare my parents. Increase my sufferings, if You will, but allow no one to see them."

Her prayer was answered. During her last five years on earth, she bore no stigmata, except those of the head. But her sufferings did not cease. Every Friday, the blood rushed to the members that had borne the wounds and caused even greater pain than she had endured before. Rose wondered if she should not ask for the wounds to reappear, to which a priest replied, "God has brought them about and God has taken them away. If God wants their return, He can do so without being asked."

The official medical investigation was never made. But we still have ample medical pronouncements on Rose Ferron's case. The testimony of one physician who died before Rose was, "I have had all kinds of doctors examine Rose and none of them can explain her case on natural grounds. To me her case is supernatural, because no one could have lost so much blood and still live." Referring to the very small quantities of liquid food which were her sole nourishment, he added, "She is sustained by God alone. I am thoroughly convinced that the manifestations are supernatural."

The little victim of the Diocese of Providence had no more rest while she lived. Not only was her body racked with pain, but she seems not to have slept for years, except perhaps when she would faint from sheer pain. From midnight until one o'clock, Rose kept her Hour of Reparation. Then for three hours she kept busy as well as she could with her crafts. She had learned to make bookmarks, to braid, and to repair rosaries. After four o'clock, she dozed for two hours. But

Rose insisted that she did not sleep. In fact, she was aware of all that happened in the room.

While in ecstasy on April 13, 1929, in the presence of six visitors, Rose asked in prayer how long she still had to suffer, and repeated the answer aloud, "Seven years!" She began to count how old she would be after seven more years, and stopped at 33. Rose Ferron died in 1936. She was 33.

On May 6, Father Boyer called at one o'clock in the morning. "I walked into the room," he wrote in his biography, "and when I saw her condition, I was moved with pity. I could not recognize her, she was so changed; her face was not only disfigured, but wrenched out of shape. Her eyes were half-closed and in their corners thick blood was gathering; her complexion was copper red and her skin appeared coarse and swollen; her breathing was painful; her mouth was open and twisted."

Rose lived five more days. In death she still had "the expression of anguish imbedded in her face." But as the women whom she herself had appointed for preparing her body for the coffin were washing her face, its frightful distortions disappeared. A change came over her features at each stroke of the towel. Her face emerged with a charming smile.

Why Not Go All the Way?

BUTTONHOLED once by a man who said that he simply could not believe in purgatory, Fr. O'Leary answered: "Ah, my good friend, you could go further and fare worse."

From More Catechism Stories by F. H. Drinkwater (Newman Press: 1949).

Stop Terror

By HOWARD WHITMAN

F ANYTHING happens to any of my other children, you'd better deputize me! I'm going out gunning!" This righteous anger was Edward Tuley's, a Clevelander whose eight-year-old daughter was knifed to death within 100 yards of her home.

It might have been the anger of John F. Elliott, New York businessman, who was beaten and stabbed as he

strolled in Central Park. Or the woman who was knocked over the head and robbed as she walked home from church in Philadelphia. Or the three Harvard men who were strong-armed in Boston—or the two Radcliffe College girls who were accosted and robbed. Or it might have been the anger of any American who finds that the streets of his city have become a no-man's land of psychopathic killers.

What about the millions we pay for police protection? Where are the cops?

In Detroit, 15 businessmen and two housewives from the Denby high-school district stomped into police headquarters and demanded, "Either get busy and protect us—or we will act to protect ourselves!" They threatened to buy pistols, if need be.

in Our Streets

Condensed from Collier's*

Stunned by the soaring record of attacks on women (105 since Jan. 1, 1949), the Cleveland Crime commission called an urgent meeting in May. I sat in and watched the faces of outraged, fearful citizens. Said Director McConnell A. Coakwell, "It's so bad in some parts of town, people are afraid to go out at night!"

Philadelphians told me of neighborhoods where cabbies are afraid to pick up a fare at night, where an ordinary motorist—if he gets a flat tire—would rather ride home on the rim than stop and risk a mugging.

Speaking of the nation's capital, Congressman Walter Horan (Rep., Wash.) ruefully declared, "We have come to the point where no one knows whether his wife, mother, sister or daughter is safe in the streets." The Washington Times Herald editorially fumed, "What kind of town is this, that a little girl can't ride her bike in the park on a bright, sunshiny Sunday without having her throat cut by a sex maniac?"

"What kind of town is this?" Chicagoans, too, might ask. Accustomed though they are to public enemies, their eyes blink when they look at recent figures. In the 31 days of March: 15 murders, 34 rapes, 77 other sex offenses, 527 robberies, 75 assaults to commit murder, 277 assaults with deadly weapons.

Last year, reports the FBI, throughout the nation as a whole there were 1,686,670 serious crimes, an average of one every 18.7 seconds. "Aggravated assaults and rapes in the larger communities reached peaks in 1948 of 68.7 and 49.9%, respectively, over the prewar averages."

Collier's magazine made a survey of 70 American cities to find out what was wrong. This writer rode police radio cars in our most crime-crusted metropolises; went on trouble runs with Detroit's Security Patrol and Philadelphia's Motor Bandit Patrol; talked to police chiefs, safety commissioners and mayors; met with fearful citizens, angered taxpayers, anguished victims and the parents of victims; pounded beats with patrolmen; prowled through some of the worst no-man's lands in America, including New York's mugger-infested Central Park, Washington's Second Precinct and Chicago's "Fatal Fifth." From the grim record, a startling pattern emerged. Americans just aren't being protected.

In most cities, our police are squadcar happy. They zip around whistling each other up on the radio and dashing through town on frantic runs, doing a wonderful job of catching criminals after crimes are committed but falling flat on their faces when it comes to preventing crime. We've got lots of detection, little protection.

Why? Because our police brass hats have forsaken the infantry. In most cities they've abandoned the foot patrolman, the only real security officer our communities ever had. They've scuttled the neighborhood cop—who knew every family and every kid by their first names. He could virtually smell a stranger on the street, had a way of getting in and out of alleys, beat the bushes, tried the doors, stopped to investigate a light burning late, a strange car, a bloke hanging around the bus stop.

His job wasn't dramatic. His tricks were simply to vary his beat, zigzag and double back, to turn up when least expected—most of all, to know the people in his neighborhood and keep a bead on strangers.

Your safety was his job. If Mrs. Jones came home late, he made it a point to watch her down the street. If 17-year-old Sally parked with her boy friend, he hung around. If a stranger was paying too much attention to children, the neighborhood cop paid plenty of attention to him!

We gave up the foot patrolman in the gangster era because he was no good against a Dillinger. But the menace today is worse than the professional ever was.

Police officials know, and admit, that foot patrol is the best method of preventing hoodlum crime. But Washington, like dozens of other cities, is hamstrung by pound-foolish budgets which keep police forces woefully undermanned. In any budget slash, foot patrol is the first thing to be cut.

One police chief confided that he could put only 112 men per shift on foot patrol in a city of nearly a million people. Some beats were so large a man couldn't even get around them once in his entire tour of duty. Some districts were not patrolled at all. "Don't mention our city by name," the police chief requested. "If the hoodlums knew how undermanned we are, they'd swarm all over us."

Let's take a walk through the 24th Ward in Philadelphia, where things were so bad in April that people were afraid to go to church suppers. This lonely streetcar stop here is where Mrs. T. was knocked down by a purse snatcher. This corner, in the dim shadows of a gaslight, is where Mr. G. was slugged and robbed-for the 11th time! And there is the doorbell that was rung by Mrs. H., dazed and seeking help after she had been clubbed and left lying moaning in the street for half an hour before she had the strength to crawl away. All her assailant got was small change. She was lucky he didn't kill her.

That's how it's been in a section of 60,000 God-fearing people who support 70 churches but must put up with the second-worst crime record in Philadelphia. That's why two ministers, two priests, and two rabbis went to City Hall to testify that their churches and temples were empty at night because "people just won't come out of their houses."

The Businessmen's Safety council

finally moved to train and arm 50 responsible volunteer citizens as last-ditch protection for the ward. That snapped City Hall into action—some action, anyway. Twenty additional police were assigned to patrol on foot. This "block plan," as Clark calls it, was only two weeks old when I went there and it covered just a small part of the ward; but what it did cover, it covered well. Each beat man had four blocks by three blocks—twelve square blocks. He could comb his area on each tour.

In Chicago I suggested a night stroll through the city's major trouble spot, the Fifth district, south of the Loop.

"No, you don't!" said Police Commissioner John Prendergast. "Not if you want to go home in one piece," chimed in Patrolman Cornelius Ryan.

Chicago's "Fatal Fifth," once the abode of millionaires and now the Windy City's notorious Bronzeville, is one of the most crime-festered spots in the world. Among the shields of murdered policemen which hang in City Hall, I counted seven since 1934 marked "Fifth District." At the district station house, the clerk filling in the complaint book was verging on writer's cramp. Pointing to a volume as big as an unabridged dictionary, he groaned, "We fill one of these every five days." The station safe was crammed with confiscated weapons-hunting knives, butcher knives, guns, blackjacks, and even screw drivers filed to a surgical edge.

I finally ventured through this noman's land in a squad car. "The radio's quiet tonight," said Patrolman Joseph Casey. Yes, it was quiet. All we had was a couple of assaults with deadly weapons—in one of which a policeman sent out an SOS for reinforcements—and a slight case of murder in which the victim was buried under three feet of ground.

Some insurance companies won't write policies covering the Fatal Fifth, and many business houses refuse to make deliveries there—with good reason. In the wee hours of last Jan. 28, a milkman was murdered for his collection money, and 12 days later another milkman was murdered at high noon.

To the cries of the Chicago Crime commission, which has demanded a better patrol system for the district on four different occasions, the police department responds by sending in a squad of tough guys in plain clothes. Unfortunately, that's not what the Fifth needs. It needs, as a Crime-commission spokesman put it, "plenty of uniformed policemen on foot, with small beats—small enough so they can know the neighborhood inside out, so they can see and be seen."

In the face of molestations of women and purse snatchings in outlying areas, the Chicago police have offered to "convoy home in a squad car" any woman who is afraid to walk alone. The Crime commission calls this "a dodge to quell the public clamor, an impossible proposal."

Actually, Prendergast, once a beat man himself, wants to do something constructive. He asked for 1.183 more policemen in this year's budget. "I wanted to use the bulk of them on foot patrol," he says. "You know how many they gave me? Zero!" It gripes him that Chicago, with more than half of New York's population, has only a third as many cops.

In asking for more foot cops, neither Prendergast nor anyone else in his right mind suggests abandoning radio cars. You can't loot one branch of the service in order to strengthen another. We're in today's hot water because we looted the beat men. The two services complement each other.

Experienced cops admit, "You can't see anything from a squad car. You can't spot a punk who's hiding in a doorway, or a pervert in the bushes. When the windows are up you can't even hear a scream. The hoods can spot you coming three blocks away. They just duck into an alley until they see your tail lights disappear around the corner."

Here's the perfect example of what a scout car misses. At New Jersey and L Street, N.W., in Washington, D. C., scout car cops saw a man standing on the corner waiting for a lift to Baltimore. Half an hour later they rounded the same corner again and the man was still there—this time in his stocking feet, his coat gone and his arms flailing wildly to get their attention. In the half-hour interim he had been dragged into an alleyway, threatened with murder, robbed of \$20 and stripped of his shoes and suitcoat.

Detroit has taken to teaching women judo—a sad commentary on life in y

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1949 America. I visited a class in the police gym and saw Inspector Claude E. Broom teaching housewives, mothers—even one grandmother—the womanly arts of self-defense. They learn all the standard throws: how to wrap a wolf around your shoulder, how to pitch him into a loop-the-loop. They also learn such fine points as eye poking, mouth stretching, nostril pulling, throat chopping, finger spreading and, of course, the theoretical and practical principles of kneeing.

Among the eager students was Mrs. LaVerne Rebresh, a nurse at an autoparts plant. "I have to walk two long blocks from the bus when I get home at night," she said. "I don't want to get hurt—and I don't want my two children to be orphans."

One woman, with blue eyes that had a fixed look and a streak of awful fear in them, came in for lessons. She brought along her 18-year-old daughter and her 63-year-old mother—three generations of women to learn judo. "Teach us everything you know," she said to Inspector Broom. There was a special reason. This woman had been raped.

New York City, which never lets the rest of the country forget that its police are the finest, has for years watched Central Park become a sink of crime. Though bounded on three sides by some of the city's highestpriced apartment houses, the park has become off limits to respectable citizens at night. One of the nation's loveliest city parks has become a grisly quagmire. New York finally got wise this spring. It assigned 18 picked detectives to patrol posts in the park—on foot. In their first five weeks they made 48 arrests, among them a hoodlum with a knife strapped to his leg (to outwit a frisker), and a bushwhacker who lay waiting with a brick to bash the next passer-by.

Law enforcers in every city I visited admitted that to prevent crime you've got to have the plodding specialist. Businessmen and crime commissions talked wistfully of the oldfashioned policeman of the days when we were kids. They talked of Officer Mulrooney, whose chief virtue was those size-13 feet that we kidded him about, Of Officer Cohen, who was the best cure for juvenile delinquency a neighborhood ever had (how he'd talk to parents about their kids' problems, help them work things out). Of Officers Kelly and Swensen and Brown, and how you considered them part of the neighborhood, how you felt safer and were safer when they loomed around the corner in the dusk.

I did find such a policeman in Baltimore: Lieut. Albert Hanssen, a footbeat man for 36 years and still at it. He's pounded 108,000 miles of sidewalk. He'd blush to hear you say it, but ruddy-faced, sandy-haired Hanssen is that indispensable crime-prevention man whom the experts talk about.

Hanssen can tell me the history of every house and building on his beat. He knows who used to live in this cream-colored house and when they moved and where they moved to. He knows that Mr. Taylor is ill and Mrs. Quinza is expecting; that young Barker just got a job as a mechanic and the Hilston twins have measles. He also knows that a certain lad of 19 has been keeping bad company and bears watching. And he's talked to the family in that big house on the corner about their daughter, who's been in too many bars.

Some men are playing checkers in a restaurant. As we pop our heads in, the game stops for a minute and they gabble with Hanssen about the latest news on the street. "He knows more about us than we know ourselves," a

man quips.

It is early evening and the kids gather around Hanssen. One of them tugs his blue coat and says, "Settle an argument, Lieutenant. Ain't Thanksgiving on Thursday?" The big girl, who is not crying, has a "snowball"—a paper cup of cracked ice with ice cream on top. The little girl, who is crying, has a paper cup with just ice in it.

"Now wait a minute here," says Hanssen with a voice of authority. "What happened to her ice cream?"

"I only had one nickel," says the big girl.

"Y'don't say," says Hanssen, and he slides his change out of a coin purse and picks out a nickel.

"Go get her one, too," he says, and the little girl's face lights up beneath

her tears.

Was it five cents' worth of ice cream, or a fortune's worth of love? I heard an echo of Commissioner Prendergast's words in Chicago: "The idea is to make children run to the police, not from them."

Hanssen and I stroll for a couple of hours. How could anybody but Jim Farley know so many names? This cop knows them all. More important, he knows the ones who don't belong in the neighborhood. I test him out when a man with a suitcase rounds the corner.

"Who's this fellow?" I ask.

"Salesman. Doesn't live on the beat. Twice a week he eats at Shreck's res-

taurant," Hanssen replies.

As we pass the Universal Finance company, he cups his hands at the window and peers into the gloom where the night light burns. "Got to see how it looks on the inside," he mutters. He stops to try doors along the street, especially ones, he says, "where folks are kind of careless." Suddenly he wheels on his heel and beats up a back alley-"If anyone's ducking out you've got to take him by surprise." Doorways, back stoops and stairways, bushes, driveways, lanes between the building lines-he pokes around like a foxhound. A cop like Hanssen is part social worker, part law enforcer, part counselor, part friend. He's like the old country doctor.

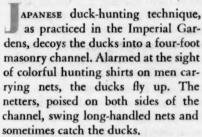
In black and white, Baltimore showed a 12% decrease in aggravated assaults during 1948 while other large cities averaged a 4.7% increase.

We can't resurrect the old-fashioned cop. We don't even want to bring back yesterday. We simply want to use yesterday's wisdom today.

Duck Hunting in Japan

By ALLEN HADEN

Condensed from Travel*



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"Just like catching butterflies," Mr. Kuroda of the Imperial household ministry said.

"Not sport but fun," was the comment of a Britisher who belongs to the never-use-a-worm, shoot-'em-on-therise school.

The earliest wild-duck preserves were located in what is now Tokyo. One was near the head of shallow Tokyo bay at Hama, and another in the Imperial Gardens of Shinjuku. Both areas have been converted into public parks.

Duck-netting parties today are held at either of two preserves about an hour's car ride from Tokyo, in Saitama and Chiba prefectures. The land is good for nothing else, being swampy and brackish. Both preserves are carefully protected by General MacArthur's military police. The outskirts are littered with "Off Limits" signs.

The Tokugawa family, which bossed Japan for three centuries through the Shogunate, were not athletes. Since they wouldn't go to the ducks, the ducks had to be brought to them. An elaborate system of bamboo blinds, screened channels, and feeding was provided for hawking parties. Old prints have been preserved showing flowing-robed Japanese noblemen, hooded hawks on wrist, gathered for the duck hawking.

About 80 years ago, hawks were discarded for nets. Before the war, imperial duck-netting parties were favorite social occasions and all male guests wore top hat, striped trousers and cutaway. The passing of the hawk seems quite natural, as fierce birds and silk hats somehow don't go together.

Duck-netting parties are popular with Allied civilians and officers in Japan. The Imperial household uses them to entertain occupation officials and put them in a good mood. Today, duck-netting parties have for the Japanese—in the language of the advertising world—institutional promotion value.

The Saitama Prefecture Imperial

Wild Duck Preserve on the road to Nikko from Tokyo is roughly 21 acres in area. In the center is a pond of about three acres, with two artificial islands. A staff of gamekeepers lives there the year round. They tend the ground and 300 decoys from October through February, feeding migrant mallards and teal. During the winter of '48-'49 more than 100,000 ducks rested at the Saitama preserve alone. Near the season's end, when spring was already budding the plum trees, an estimated 50,000 were still there.

About 30 guests are invited to duck parties each Sunday. The day I went we netted 53 ducks, an average catch, 32 mallards and 21 teal. These were given us to take home. At lunch, another 25 ducks were consumed plus an undetermined number for the keepers. Roughly, 100 ducks fulfilled a duck's noblest function that Sunday. With a four months' season comprising 17 Sundays, the total take for the winter would be about 1,700 ducks, or 1.7% of the estimated number wintering at the preserve.

The guests are organized into three parties of ten each. Parties have three tries, each in turn. The ten netters face each other, five on the left and five on the right. The right team holds the net with the left hand forward, the left team with the right hand forward. They wait in dead silence behind a high bank. They are screened from the dog-leg masonry channel leading inwards from the pond through heavy bamboo thickets 12 feet deep and 30 feet high. The decoys gobble their way

into the channel. Through a peephole in the bank, the head keeper watches the quacking procession and counts the wild ducks being lured in. He drops meal through a convenient funnel to draw the ducks toward him. A bellows which he pumps with his foot blows bubbles behind the ducks and keeps them moving. The ducks think the bubbles are caused by enemy turtles. When the head gamekeeper figures there are enough wild ducks in the channel, the two teams run around the high bank and take position, on both sides of the channel. The frightened birds fly up, usually in the direction in which they are facing. At this point the air is filled with wildly waving nets in which a duck occasionally becomes entangled. Other game caught includes the net of the team member across the channel and the hat of the lady to the left. The keepers take the ducks, lock their wings, and ceremoniously present the fortunate netter with a feather for his buttonhole.

The Japanese have figured out an equally ingenious way of eating ducks. Each guest is provided with chopsticks and a brazier ten inches long by six inches wide filled with glowing charcoal. Each has its own cast-iron plate removable at will with heavy iron pincers. The duck is brought in, sliced raw on a plate, in strips. You sprinkle the meat lightly with soy sauce and grill on the iron plate. Remove the plate if it gets too hot—using the pincers. Turn the meat once—using chopsticks. I like mine done one minute on each side.

Where the folks had fun and the archbishop had a big surprise

Big Day at the Little Sisters

By MARIE S. DORETY

N OUR town, on St. Joseph's day, the Little Sisters of the Poor hold open house, to which all their friends are invited. Everyone who knows the Sisters knows that St. Joseph is their patron; and everyone knows also that the Sisters have friends everywhere, and none closer than our archbishop.

One March 15 (payday) Sister Ellen and her companion paused briefly at my desk in the big railroad office. "You'll be taking the day off to come to the House as usual on the 19th," Sister asserted in her soft brogue. I had only to nod, and the Sisters glided on to the next desk. Only half of us in that big room were Irish, most of the rest being Scandinavians, but all seemed to enjoy equally those semimonthly visits of the Little Sisters. They were little (Sister Ellen was no size at all), and shy and defenseless somehow, yet valiant and unbeatable. They rarely spoke, just quietly passed from desk to desk, half-smiling, taking our quarters and making us feel the better for it.*

*The Sisters wear a habit of black serge, held in at the waist by a woolen cord. They wear a white bonnet, fastened under the chin, a headband on the forehead, and a black merino kerchief crossed over the chest.

The Sisters ordinarily do not canvass in the large downtown offices, but they had special privileges in our building. Their particular mentor and friend was big Mike, the guard, whose post was in the lobby. If any official tried to hurry out before the Sisters could get to him. Mike would remind him that he would be missing the Little Sisters, and the grumpiest of them would pass his dollar over to big Mike. The Sisters consulted Mike also on questions of protocol: "Where should we start this day?" or "Were the directors meeting?" or "Was himself, the president, in the place that day?" Once, when Sister Ellen was new to the job, some prankster told her not to go into the office of Mr. McNabb. the ranking vice-president. "He's a bad man, an A. P. A.," she was told, "and his money's tainted." Sister Ellen was not one to believe any ill of her fellow man, but she did bring the matter quietly before Mike. He reassured Sister, "'Tis true the man comes from Antrim, and of the wrong stock-his people being great landholders there -but it shouldn't be held against him here for he has made his own way in this country, and he is a good, decent

man. You can take anything he gives you, Sister." So the Sisters continued to glide into the stately office of topflight Mr. McNabb, just as regularly on paydays as into ours.

I might tell you here that the Little Sisters' rule prevents them from accepting endowments or fixed income of any kind. Their charges do not draw old-age pensions, and the Sisters receive no funds from the Community Chest. Their lives are dedicated to the care of the indigent aged, and their rule prescribes that this shall be accomplished through the goodness of God as made manifest in the daily alms of His friends. Residents of the home are called the Little Family, and the Mother Superior is known always as Good Mother.†

As I said, it was an extraordinary privilege for the Sisters to be permitted to solicit aid in the large downtown office buildings. Most of the Sisters' calls were on butchers, bakers, restaurant keepers, and the men in the commission houses. Those friends seemed always to welcome the Little

†This house is one of a chain of 52 extending through 11 archdioceses and 20 dioceses in the U.S., staffed by 1,075 Sisters. The Community was founded in 1839 in St. Servan, in Brittany, France, by Jeanne Jugan, central figure of a small group who had been aiding the sick poor of all ages. It grew rapidly, and in 1856 chose an estate, La Tour, at St. Pern, France, as permanent general motherhouse and novitiate, which it remains today. The U.S. novitiate, St. Ann's, is in Queens, Long Island, N. Y. It is the outgrowth of the first American home opened in America by seven Sisters from La Tour, in 1868. In that same year a second colony came to Cincinnati, and a third to New Orleans.

Sisters and their cart. I hear that the Sisters now have a fine, new station wagon. But in the days of which I write, Sister Ellen and her companion made their rounds in a rickety but carefully painted, box-like black cart, drawn by a hoary nag, and guided by John McDougall, a member of the Little Family. McDougall was a quietmannered, neat-looking little man, whose only fault was a weakness for the strong drink. Among Sister Ellen's many cares, when they were out, was that of keeping McDougall away from occasions of sin, a duty which she discharged with her habitual equanimity.

Often I have smiled through tears at the sight of those two Sisters, urbanely erect on the narrow plank behind McDougall. How did they keep that air of distinction—cool and poised gentlewomen—amid their sacks of potatoes and onions, baskets of bread, cans of milk, often a few live chickens, and always, if it could be managed, sprays of flowers, held carefully on their laps, for our Lady's altar.

Their house is a rambling old red brick pile, antiquated and inconvenient, but the Sisters cherish it and make the best of it.‡ It is set in what was once a fine neighborhood, and is surrounded by great, shabby mansions, now turned into boarding houses. Among the unfailing of the Sisters' benefactors are some of the busy, harried women who keep those boarding

‡Homes maintained by the Little Sisters are nearly all similar in architecture and arrangement. Each has separate sections for the men and women, even to sitting rooms, yards, and in chapels.

houses, usually in order to keep also their large families of small children.

I saw many old acquaintances on the steps of the house, just before nine in the morning of that March 19. There was the usual group of wealthy women, in their sables, minks, and diamonds. Members of the robed choir from the girls' academy were scurrying in; and all the neighbors seemed to be there, most of them women with small children at their skirts. We knew that the archbishop and other dignitaries would get there, if they were not already inside.

Sister Ellen was at the door, but we were welcomed really by the Man of the House himself-a great statue of St. Joseph just inside the entrance. Good Mother ushered us to the chapel. The Little Family were already in their places-perhaps 50 old ladies, on the Blessed Virgin's side of the altar, and all the old men on St. Joseph's side-that is, all but one.* A finelyfeatured, distinguished-looking gentleman, Mr. Tom Delehanty, was seated with Delia, his wife, among the women. The Delehantys were the only married couple in the house and the Sisters never separated them. Tom had a worn, patient look to him, and the cause was not far to seek. Delia was a good woman, but set and positive in her ways, her grizzled head held high in old age and bitter changes in earthly fortune. There was ever a hint

*With the Little Sisters, old age begins at 60. The needy are admitted from this age upwards. Among their guests are men and women in their 80's and 90's, and some centenarians.

of arrogance in Delia's manner. "Here's no poor widow woman," that upthrust chin proclaimed, and her haughtiness sometimes made trouble for gentle Tom.

The men of the family were all neat, in decent black, and many a fine, wise face was among them. But it was the women who were the particular bright stars this day. For every last one of them had a new hat. It was the year of the Milgrim pillbox, and some blessed benefactor (the Sisters have friends in every calling) had furnished black silk pillboxes for every old lady in the house. And no two hats were alike. Basically, each was identical, just a little, soft roll of lovely black faille silk, but kind and clever fingers had decked each with its own flower. or feather, or velvet bow. The wearers, too, imparted individuality to each creation, for no two hats were worn at the same angle. Grim ladies tried grimly to pull these wisps down to cover their ears: conventional ones wore theirs tamely straight, like Queen Mary's toques. But there was many an airy, adventurous spirit who gave the hats a break—tilting them this way or that, over an eye or an ear, to best display the trim. One inspired soul, years in advance of the New Look, wore hers off-the-face. Many of those old shoulders were sadly bent and tightly shawled against the pain, but there was not one, surely, but was held a little straighter because its soul had that warm, sweet feeling that comes to a woman when she knows that she has a new hat for the big occasion.

Then I forgot the hats, for the procession was entering. There was the archbishop, two monsignori, and Father James. It was to be high Mass in all its solemnity.

Father James was resident chaplain to the Little Sisters. He was a gifted young priest, already known for his writing, radio work, and leadership in many fields of Catholic action. Yet he lived in this shabby house, ministering daily to the dying, sick, and disgruntled here. He was greatly beloved by the Little Family, for many reasons, and not the least for that he was so young and fine-looking, so big and strong.

After Mass we drifted down the long hall, toward the refectory in the basement. No one hurried, for we had old acquaintances to renew, old jokes to re-tell, and we were happy.

As we re-passed St. Joseph, I noticed an empty tobacco tin at the base of the great statue. "You are not out of tobacco, surely." I hurried over to Sister Ellen, for I knew it was the custom to place mute reminders before St. Joseph when necessaries were lacking.

"Oh, no, we've plenty of tobacco," she assured me. "That is just John Mc-Dougall's. We are out of his favorite brand."

"Does St. Joseph always send exactly what you ask for?" I ventured timidly, for it was not an overly polite question.

"He always does," Sister answered composedly. "And when he does not, he sends us something better. McDougall may be smoking Blue Boar this

night, which he prefers even to that Black Velvet, though he hasn't the nerve to ask for it, it's that dear." And Sister Ellen sailed on.

The refectory is a large, basement room that shone with cleanliness. Large framed pictures of St. Joseph and of the archbishop, draped for the occasion with crepe paper, glittered from fresh polishing. Two long, narrow tables stretched the length of the room, and were covered with shining damask. At each place was a holy card of St. Joseph and a small picture of the archbishop. I wondered where the Sisters got the latter. It was not like our archbishop to provide them, though he must have known that we would value them and treasure them. "A photographer friend of the Sisters, no doubt," I concluded. The Sisters can get anything they need.

There were not many Sisters about, for open house for them meant many hands in the kitchen. And I knew, too, of the rows of beds on the upper floor, where the very old and the sick lay, and received unflagging care. Sisters never show age in their faces, but look some time at the hands of a Little Sister—rough, gnarled, work-worn, evenwhen Sister is still young. The Little Sisters celebrate feast days by working harder than ever to make others happy.†

†The Sisters have no servants, no paid employes; they give themselves up to the work of hospitality. They wait on the inmates and share the work of the house among themselves. They are alike in duties, rights, in title: they are all Little Sisters; no distinction exists among them.

Good Mother was the only Sister who did any talking, and she said very little—mostly shy, delicate little tributes to our dear patron, His Excellency, or to our dear patron, St. Joseph, and it was hard to make out sometimes which patron she meant. Not that it mattered, for they are great friends, surely, St. Joseph and our archbishop.

The few Sisters who were about gradually marshaled their Little Family to places at one table. Savory odors filled the room, and most of the old ladies still wore their shimmering hats. All this while the archbishop, the monsignori, Father James, and friends were moving about, chatting and joking; and 20 youngsters under school age added to the happy confusion. The archbishop and other guests of honor were finally seated, and then the rest of us found places. I found myself next to the wife of the president of our railroad. As she slipped out of her mink coat it half-fell over me and she could not but notice that I stroked its soft, brown loveliness. She smiled and said, "I certainly did not think I'd ever own one, when I was your age. You'll probably have one, too, some day, if you want one." I started to tell her that I was a railroad girl, but I was too shy to get the words out. Anyway, I did not have a chance, for she had turned to her next neighbor, one of the boarding-house women. They plunged at once into an evenly matched and mutually satisfying dialogue on a subject dear to their hearts: the doings of our archbishop.

All received exactly the same lunch-

eon, smoothly served by the academy girls, who had exchanged choir robes for frilly aprons over their blue uniforms. Each plate held several dainty slices of most delectable hot ham, fresh-baked bread all nicely buttered, pickles and preserves; and cups were ever-replenished with steaming coffee. It was perfect food, perfectly served. Later there was ice cream and cake, of course, and a box of candy for each member of the Little Family and for each child. The candy was distributed after lunch by the archbishop and his colleagues, with many a merry quip.

Then came the program. Not a performer was over ten; Good Mother knew what her family enjoyed. A little boy whistled, and one jigged. A frilly little girl sang about her dolly, and another little girl spoke a piece about America.

Then a shy signal from Good Mother advised the archbishop that it was his turn. He needed no introduction to these dear friends. He spoke warm and wise and witty words to all: to Good Mother and the Sisters; to the guests; and most of all to the Little Family. He told them to be patient, kind; to take their troubles to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Mother, St. Joseph. "Not neglecting Father James, of course," he added with a wicked twinkle. "Above all," he told them, "be happy. Shall I remind you again why you should be happy? Well, envy we know to be an evil thing, one of the seven deadly sins, and a Christian must not indulge in it. But if it were not for that, I might this minute be

envying Father James there, because he lives here with you in the vestibule of heaven. For you know," and he looked lovingly into the upraised old faces, "you know it is just a step from here to that blessed place where we shall all be happy forever, in the presence of God. Old age, pain, loneliness—these cannot hurt us very much in the vestibule of heaven. And when death comes, it is just God calling us home."

The archbishop had finished, and chairs scraped as we prepared to receive his blessing, which would end this blessed day. Then Sister Ellen spoke, this time clear and high, from the back of the big room. "Your Excellency, Most Reverend and dear Archbishop, Right Reverend and dear Monsignori, Reverend and dear Father, dear friends: Before we receive the blessing, the Sisters would like to sing

a little song for our very dear patron."

The archbishop, pleased but bewildered, seated himself. The day had been long, and filled with many gracious tributes to him as dear patron. But had anyone ever heard the like of this: the Sisters singing outside choir, in public, in his honor. He sat very tall in his chair. Then, from the shadowy back of the room, six or seven gallant figures raised high, sweet, Irish voices, to the tune of My Wild Irish Rose, in a song which began:

To St. Joseph we go
For 'tis well we know
Whate'er may betide
That be will provide

The archbishop relaxed after that first line. There were four verses to this lovely lilting prayer.

Then the archbishop blessed us all. And the big day at the Little Sisters was over for another year.



Wampum Is What You Make It

A HUNDRED years ago the country went all out for James Marshall's discovery of gold in California and rushed out there and dug it up. Now they have buried it again at Fort Knox. As ants look skyward, humans must seem as purposeless in their scurrying as ants do to people.

Durez Molder in Quote (22 May '49).

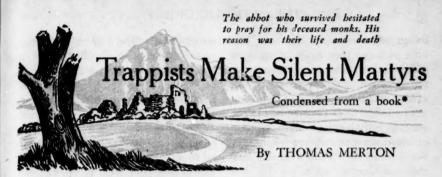
A woman tourist in Florida was admiring an Indian's necklace. "What are those things?" she asked.

"Alligator teeth, ma'am," replied the Indian.

"Oh, I see. I suppose they have the same value for your people that pearls do for us."

"Not quite," he answered gravely. "Anybody can open an oyster."

Current History (Aug. '49).



The Kentucky abbey, no one thought much of the events that were beginning to cause a stir in the newspapers in 1936. Only a rumor reached the Trappists that the February elections in Spain had put in power a regime under which the Church would feel a savage persecution. In the summer it was heard that Spain was on fire with civil war.

Cistercians don't know anything about politics and did not hear the arguments going on about the war. They did not realize that what was taking shape in Spain was really the prelude to a new world war on a scale more terrible than anything that had ever been known before. What they did know was that thousands of priests and Religious were being taken out and killed and that churches and monasteries were being burned. They did grasp one basic truth about the Spanish Civil War: it was a religious war. This conflict-with fascism and nazism on one side, and communism on the other-was a war of modern godlessness against God and against

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the Catholic Church. That some of the Church's worst enemies happened to be fighting on Franco's side may have clouded the issue but didn't change the fact.

The Cistercian monasteries in Nationalist Spain were not molested. But the only one controlled by the Popular Front, in Santander, suffered the fate that was to be expected.

After the February elections of 1936 the monks of Our Lady of Viaceli began to hear of churches being burned in their province, but they were not "investigated" until after the July uprising. Then groups of Reds walked in and pushed them around with rifles and revolvers and asked them questions, to make the stealing of provisions and livestock look lawful.

The Feast of St. Bernard, Aug. 20, was the last day the monks were allowed the use of their church. It was padlocked and sealed.

On Sept. 8, intruders came again. This time they had a government order to close down the monastery and arrest the monks. The Trappists were given two hours to get their

*The Waters of Siloe. Copyright, 1949, by Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc., 383 Madison Ave., New York City, 17. 377 pp. \$3.50. things together and clear out. The little packages they gathered up were searched. Breviaries, rosaries, and anything else connected with the worship of God were destroyed.

The abbot, Dom Emmanuel Fleche, was respected—not so much because of his rank or his age or his health, but because the French consul had shown interest in his safety. He was sent to the near-by village of Cobreces. Two priests, secretaries of the monastery, were also held at Cobreces by the Reds, who felt sure they might be able to get useful information from them. But the body of the Community—they made two big busloads—went off down the road between the vineyards full of ripe fruit and vanished in the direction of Santander.

The doors swung shut on a deserted monastery, and the dust settled again on the road, and everything was very, very silent.

The two secretaries, Father Eugenio and Father Vicente, seemed to be in the best position of all. They were not imprisoned, and when they discovered that things were much safer at Bilbao, they began to arrange to go there. Before September ended, they had disappeared. But they had not reached Bilbao. Their bodies were found full of bullets on the road between Torrelavega and Santander. Villagers recognized them as monks and gave them a Christian burial.

Dom Emmanuel Fleche, protected by the fact that he was a Frenchman, was taken to a coastal fishing village which had been marked off as an international zone. The place was given a wide berth by the Nationalist bombers, and Dom Emmanuel was relatively safe. Someone smuggled hosts to him from Santander, and he said Mass, using his Cistercian cowl for a vestment and offering the Blood of Christ in a silver-plated cup that had been awarded to some champion football team of the locality. On Dec. 8, he received notice that he was to sail for France the following day, which he did. He returned to Viaceli when the war was over and finally died there.

The two busloads of Trappists who arrived in Santander on Sept. 8 were imprisoned in the college of the Salesian Fathers. After a short time a friend of theirs got them released, and they were paroled. They came out into the town, separated into several groups, and lived together wherever they found hospitality in Catholic homes. Many of them escaped to Bilbao.

Father Pio Heredia, the prior, refused his chance to escape. He remained in Santander with the largest group of monks, to do what he could to take care of them.

In this 61-year-old Cistercian the monks found a support and an example of sanctity. His love of God went beyond all sentiment and emotion, to attach itself to God's all-wise providence and His all-loving will. It was a love strong enough to win the great grace of martyrdom.

Although Father Pio and his monks were living across the street from the headquarters of the Red secret police, they lived a life that was entirely 1

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monastic and contemplative. They began each morning with Matins and Lauds at five, followed by Mass, which was said at a dining-room table. They had reading, meditation, manual labor. They even received Mass stipends from the superioress of some Visitandine nuns who had not yet been dispersed.

On Dec. 1, in the middle of the morning, they were surprised by the sudden visit of a stranger who claimed he was an electrician. He insisted on being admitted to the apartment, even when the monks told him there was nothing wrong with the lights. They were ready, then, for the worst.

It was late afternoon when the police came to take them to the comisaria.

Commissioner Neila, who was to be their judge, was a bankrupt draper. He had turned communist and was no exception to the brutality and stupidity of his type: the little man who suddenly gets the power of life and death over other men. He spent his nights presiding over the tribunal that disposed, according to his fancy, of everyone who came before him.

With monks, of course, there were no complications. Everybody knew that monks were all fascists and that their monasteries were full of money and machine guns. The main idea was to beat them until they told you where they had hidden their money, and then shoot them.

Neila did not get around to the monks until one o'clock in the morn-

HOMAS MERTON is, in his monastic life, Father Louis of the Order of the Cistercians of the Strict Observance. His abbey is Our Lady of Gethsemani in Kentucky. He has already achieved fame with his books of poetry, A Man in the Divided Sea and Figures for an Apocalypse, with his best-selling autobiography, Seven Storey Mountain, and with his spiritual writing, Seeds of Contemplation. His new book. The Waters of Siloe, is both a bistory of the Cistercian Order (the Trappists) and an informal picture of the Cistercian way of life. This excerpt tells of the Order's persecution and martyrdom under the communists in Spain and China.

ing. The first one to appear was Father Pio. The commissioner had been told that a letter containing 200 pesetas, addressed to Father Pio, had been found in the search.

The prior was questioned. That means he took a beating. He could not talk without giving away the identity of the Visitandine superioress who had been sending Mass stipends. Therefore he said nothing. His face was swollen and full of blood when he came back to the others.

One by one the monks and Brothers were called in. Neila cursed them and threatened them and had them pushed around. He could not get anything out of them. In the end he sent them back and called in Father Pio again.

"You!" roared Neila when the prior returned. "Either you tell us where you have hidden the money or you can pick your own brand of martyrdom."

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Father Pio said, "Do as you please." So he was again beaten, and the death sentence was passed on the 12 innocent men.

No one knows what happened to their bodies. They were taken out somewhere, shot, no doubt, and thrown into the sea.

Only a young lay-Brother oblate was allowed to go free. He told the story to the other Cistercians who had escaped.

When war was over, Dom Emmanuel returned. The monks who survived gathered around him once again, happy to find that there was still something left of their monastery—only empty storerooms and desecrated statues bore witness to the short-lived Red rule of the province.

But not many years later, in another part of the world, Trappists met the Reds again. On the morning of July 8, 1947, the last Masses were offered in the monastery of Our Lady of Consolation at Yang Kia Ping, in the mountains of North China.

This famous monastery—the first one of the Order in China and the largest in the Far East—had been made known to the whole Catholic world when Pope Pius XI singled it out for mention in his encyclical Rerum Ecclesiae.

The beginnings of Our Lady of Consolation were difficult, but as the years went on, the Community prospered. By the time Pius wrote Rerum Ecclesiae, Consolation was one of the great monasteries of the Order, both in numbers and fame. Inside the wide

enclosure, gardens and orchards surrounded the monastery, hostelry, and barns. In the center was the large abbatial church. It was a large Community of about 100 monks, mostly Chinese, with a few volunteers from European monasteries. Consolation had sent a colony to a central Chinese province, and that monastery was now under the supervision of a Chinese prior, Dom Paulinus Li. The experiment seemed to be a success, and the monks of Our Lady of Joy, as it was called, were planning expansion into Mongolia when the Red armies swept down on both houses.

In 1946 the communists had come and arrested the French abbot of Consolation, Dom Alexis Baillon, and one of his Chinese monks. They were held in jail for several weeks. Everyone expected the Reds to descend upon the monastery and finish their work then and there. But for some unknown reason they did not.

The blow didn't fall until the summer of 1947. Of course, people believed that the monks were hoarding great wealth in their cloister. The "cruel exploitation" of the peasants by the "capitalist pro-Japanese imperialist Christian monks" was proclaimed in so many meetings that people were able to forget, at least in part, what the monks had done for them for 60 years. Had not Our Lady of Consolation fed them in years of famine-including the time when the scorched-earth tactics of the Red army had left them without a harvest or anything else to live on?

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Two Chinese priests, Father Seraphin and Father Chrysostom, both of them well known because of their contact with lay people, were summoned to a village communist court to answer the charges against the monks. That was only the prelude.

The trial, of course, was a joke. It lasted six days, and the monks were not allowed to defend themselves. The fantastic charges covered the whole history of the monastery. It was said, for example, that Our Lady of Consolation had been founded by Europeans in order to help put down the Boxer rebellion in 1900. (The rebellion had broken out 17 years after the foundation of the monastery.) For having allegedly given "information to the Japanese," for having "oppressed the poor," "kept firearms," and "sided with the Nationalists," the monks were ordered to pay damages to the people of the region.

As the two Chinese Trappists walked the stony road back to Yang Kia Ping, the word was already running like wildfire through the hills, "The monastery is finished!"

That night the communists gathered for the kill, assembling peasants from miles around to share in the spoils. It was to be a fine party for them while it lasted. They would do well to make the best of it, because there were not many such opportunities in those mountains.

At midnight the gatekeeper of the monastery woke up at the sound of many feet and many voices. There was a loud outcry as men battered on the monastery gate. The Brother went out to speak with them and was seized, beaten, and thrown into a corner, while the mob of men and women rushed into the enclosure.

The dark cloister rang with cries and the sound of smashing wood. Glass tinkled on the stones. Feet hit the stairways with a sound of thunder.

The crowd threw the monks out of their dormitory cells and ripped up their straw mattresses in order to take the strong serge cloth covering. They seized everything they could lay hands on and ran out with armfuls of bedding, not forgetting to take whatever spare clothes hung in the cells.

By two o'clock the monastery was quiet again. The crowd had gone. Perhaps they were satisfied. When day dawned, the monks would take stock of the damage and try to do something about it. Meanwhile, it was time for the night Office, so they assembled in choir.

After four o'clock, as the last Masses were being said, they noticed that the Reds were filtering back into the cloister, prowling around and helping themselves to what they had not been able to carry away before. The monks consumed the sacred Hosts and left the tabernacle empty and settled down to wait for the worst.

When the sun had risen, the crowd gathered again. Daylight showed that they had not obtained much by their efforts in the dark, and this time they settled down to do a thorough and businesslike job of cleaning out the abbey storerooms. All the millet and

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apricots and the rest of the foodstuffs were carted off to feed the Red soldiers, and the farm tools were distributed to the peasants. In the library they ripped the covers off the books to get leather and cloth. The light wind coming through the broken windows blew torn pages about the floor: pages from the Greek and Latin Fathers, pages of Scholastic philosophy, pages from modern books on scientific farming.

The Community was placed under arrest and imprisoned in its own chapter room for three days, awaiting the first public trial as a group. It was an elaborately planned affair held outside the monastery in the presence of more than 1,000 villagers marshaled by Red leaders with appropriate banners.

The same charges were repeated, and individual monks were called out to answer questions. Father Seraphin was marked out for particularly cruel treatment because of his authority as one of the official representatives of the Trappists in their dealings with the outside. He was beaten across the back with clubs for two hours while the Red leaders shouted out charge after charge, and the cry of "Guilty!" came back by acclamation from the crowds, primed by communists scattered among them.

Then the monks were taken home and locked up again in their monastery.

The fact that the first trial, in spite of all the noise and outcry, had proved altogether inconclusive was shown by the events that followed. After two weeks, another trial had to be held, this time in the monastery church.

Once again the charges against the monks were roared out, and the fierce roar of the "people" echoed from the bare walls of the choir. It was a terrible contrast to the peaceful measures of chant that had hallowed this place for 60 years. Again Father Seraphin took the worst of the beatings. When he cried out, "Have a little merey!" he was answered, with a yell, "The time for mercy is past: this is the hour for revenge!" The monks who tried to protect their brethren by throwing their own bodies in the way of the clubs were pushed aside.

Only one person dared to stand up for the monks. A Chinese widow, a Christian catechist, insisted on telling the truth in defending a monk who had had charge of a mission in the hills during the war years. When she flatly denied that he had acted as a spy for the Japanese, she was beaten senseless and fell to the floor. They threw a banner over her and left her for dead.

The trial ended with the death sentence being passed upon the Trappist monks and Brothers. Their wrists bound with wire, standing before the sanctuary lamp, they heard the sentence on the very spot where most of them had chanted their promise of "stability, obedience, and conversion of manners before God and His saints" when they made their solemn vows.

The passing of a death sentence was not enough for the Reds. They and the peasants seemed keenly aware of failber

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ure. Perhaps they had sincerely believed that the monks were capitalists and imperialists, hoarders of money and firearms, and agents for the Japanese. But by now it was clear that there was not a shred of evidence for any charge except the obvious one of siding with the Nationalists. This great monastery had yielded surprisingly little plunder. The monks, seen at close range, proved to be very simple men.

So, the passion of Yang Kia Ping entered a new phase. The Reds changed their tactics. They launched a psychological attack and followed it up with some crude efforts at "indoctrination." Evidently they hoped that, once the monks' eyes were opened to the brave new world that was peopled with such creatures as the communists, they might be converted to the Red cause, admit the error of their ways, get themselves wives, and settle down under the dictatorship of the proletariat. Fifty secular prisoners were moved into the monastery with the monks as the first step in a possible process of secularization. Then, toward the middle of August, the Community was taken on a long and painful jaunt through the hills to view a village where the Reds had taken over the property of a rich landowner.

The Trappists were not impressed. One, the 82-year-old Chinese Brother Bruno was so unimpressed that he lay down and died there. It was the Feast of the Assumption, the golden jubilee of his solemn yows.

On Aug. 29, the Trappists left

Yang Kia Ping on a terrible journey whose stages were to be marked by the graves of more than one. It was the old monks and Brothers who died first, from exposure and starvation and fatigue. Laden with chains or handcuffed with wire that cut their wrists to the bone, they tramped into the bleak hills. The young monks carried the old and weak in litters. It was cold, and an icy rain fell hour after hour, day after day. They had practically no food, no shelter. When they were allowed to stop, they fell down and slept among the stones. Occasionally they would stop at a village, and the monks were put on show in another "trial."

Their treatment became more brutal each day. Many monks, their hands permanently bound behind their backs, had to lap up their food from bowls like dogs. If anyone was caught moving his lips in prayer, he was beaten: for the Reds thought the Trappists had learned lip reading. And all along the way the soldiers taunted them, "You believe in God! If your God exists, why doesn't He help you?"

The Red soldiers told them how Our Lady of Consolation had gone up in flames. They said, "Soon there will be no more Christian churches left in China."

When the monks did not believe that Yang Kia Ping had been burned, their captors took a party of them all the way back to see the ruins with their own eyes. It was true. Nothing was standing except a few blackened walls, stark and terrible in the wild valley. The Reds had set fire to the buildings the day the monks had left—and that very evening a rescue party of Nationalist troops arrived. They were 12 hours too late.

By the end of September the "trials" of the Trappists had ceased to interest the population. The Reds, satisfied that they could now release some of them without "loss of face," summoned five of the Brothers and told them they would be sent away, with freedom to make their way through the Nationalist lines if they wanted to run the risk of getting shot.

But the Red leaders said, "Do not make the mistake of entering another monastery or seminary and don't get yourselves made into priests. We will soon have the whole of North China under our control, and if we catch you in another monastery, we won't be so gentle with you next time."

On Oct. 4, seven more Brothers were sent away with the same instructions. Seven Brothers and young monks followed them on the 13th. The latter group was released at the edge of no-man's land, between the two armies. As they approached the Nationalist lines, machine-gun bullets made the earth jump all around them, but they were untouched. A sentry brought them before his commanding officer, and they explained who they were. Soon they were put on a freight train headed for Peiping. They arrived in the city October 18, ragged and emaciated, and went to the college of the Marist Brothers.

After a time the various groups of

Trappist refugees in Peiping gathered together and were given a small dairy farm in the suburbs. Here, they settled down in great poverty to live their communal life as well as they could. The Reds had kept all the surviving priests at Mu Chia Cheng. With them were 23 other Cistercians. All were rated as "dangerous" prisoners and were frequently clubbed.

The position of the monks in Peiping was anything but secure, but they soon had the joy of welcoming Dom Paulinus Li, the Chinese prior of Our Lady of Joy; he came from south China, where he had established a refuge for his monks in the province of Sze-Chuan. Plans were made to bring the survivors of Our Lady of Consolation to south China, where they would form a single Community with the other refugees.

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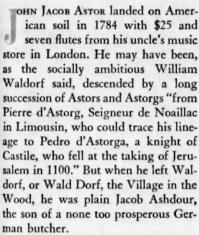
A month and a half later, the news of the martyrdom of Yang Kia Ping reached Europe and America. In the chapter rooms of all the monasteries of the Order, the names were read of those who were known to be dead. There were 16 in all.

A circular letter from the abbot of Consolation, Dom Alexis Baillon, who was in France, gave the Cistercian Order a bare outline of the story that has been told here and added only a few words of comment: "We hardly dare to recommend the deceased to your prayers for they seem to us to have died as martyrs. But we especially recommend the living, that they may have the courage to suffer and that the good God may deliver them."

Maybe it's time to stop looking for Captain Kidd's buried treasure

John Jacob Astor's Treasure Island

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS
Condensed chapter of a book*



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Jacob Ashdour, the German butcher boy, learned to look on America as the land of opportunity. His brother, Heinrich, who had preceded him, had done well. He had built up a first-class butcher business of his own and had married happily. Jacob married quite as well, and financially did even better. His record for the first 15 years in America was typical.

Having acquired a little English, along with the seven flutes, while clerking for his uncle in London, and having served his time peddling as a

baker's boy in the streets of New York, he acquired the name Astor, Still Jacob Astor, his first advertisement appeared in the New York Packet May 22, 1786. "Jacob Astor, No. 81 Queen Street, two doors from the Friends' Meeting House, has just imported from London an elegant assortment of musical instruments, such as Piano Fortes, spinets, guitars; the best of violins, German flutes, clarinets, hautboys, fifes; the best Roman violin strings and all other kinds of strings; music boxes and paper, and every other article in the musical line, which he will dispose of for very low terms for cash."

Two years and a half later his social progress was attested in the same paper. "John Jacob Astor at No. 81 Queen Street, next door but one to the Friends' Meeting House, has for sale an assortment of pianofortes of the newest construction, made by the best makers in London, which he will sell at reasonable terms. He gives cash for all kinds of Fur and has for sale a quantity of Canada Beavers and Beavering Coating, Racoon Skins and Racoon Blankets, Muskrat Skins, etc., etc."

*Money Town. Copyright, 1946, by Frederick L. Collins. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.
327 pp. \$5.

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In the same year, John Jacob Astor made his first investment in New York real estate: two lots on Bowery Lane, for \$625. From this sprang the Astor empire of a reputed \$450 million.

Jacob Ashdour found New York ideally suited to his type of trading. Times were hard. Conditions were ideal for land-hungry John Jacob Astor, and in 1790 he began to get busy.

Astor historians say that John Jacob invested some \$2 million in New York real estate. This, in all probability, is correct. But \$2 million was a large amount for those days, especially for a newly arrived youthful immigrant.

How did John Jacob get that first \$2 million to invest? Fur trading? There were plenty of fur traders in Jacob Ashdour's time, and none had \$2 million, or \$1 million. As late as 1830 there probably wasn't any person in all New York, except Astor, who had \$1 million.

The explanation that the first John Jacob Astor "inherited" Captain Kidd's hidden treasure has been called a hoax by Astor historians and is generally accepted as such. It has a place in history however, even as a hoax.

That Captain Kidd left treasure somewhere along the Atlantic coast—probably to keep it safe until he found out where he stood on the charges lodged against him—would seem very likely. A commission of British experts at the time of his trial and hanging in 1701 spent months trying to decipher their only clue to his treasure, a small piece of pasteboard which Kidd, after a whispered conference, had been

seen handing to his wife. It bore only these hastily scribbled figures: 44106818. Not much on which to base a search for buried gold. But over a period of two centuries this has been enough to cause hundreds of otherwise sober-minded persons to spend fortunes digging and drilling on almost every likely spot from Nova Scotia to Key West.

Among those who had wondered, and perhaps laughed, over the legends was Frederick Law Olmsted. He was the hereditary owner of a Maine-Coast island, and a man who liked to dig. As a young man he had dug up 800 acres in Manhattan and made them into beautiful Central Park. On Capitol Hill in Washington he created a land-scape admired by all nations. He became the century's greatest landscape architect. But he never dreamed that his most notable digging, and perhaps his most profitable, was to be done in his own back yard.

Olmsted proposed to his children, one summer afternoon in 1892, that he and they should dig for buried treasure in a cave on the Olmsted estate at Deer Isle, Maine.

Imagine their excitement when they found marks of a rectangular row of boltheads on the smooth clay surface of the hole they had dug. Obviously, a box had been buried there. The bottom of their excavation and parts of the sides were heavily coated with iron rust.

In the summer of 1894, Professor David Todd, an Amherst college astronomer, visited the Olmsteds at Deer ber

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Isle. He amused himself one day by calculating the latitude and longitude of the diggings. The figures of the latitude, 44° 10′, were identical with the first four figures on the famous Captain Kidd card, 4410; and that the longitude, 68° 13′, was almost the same as the last four figures, 6818. The difference might easily be accounted for by a slight variation in Kidd's chronometer.

Careful research proved that in 1801, exactly 100 years after Captain Kidd was hung in London, a fur trader named Jacques Cartier, had built a log house on the island and lived there many years with his Indian wife. He was an employee of John Jacob Astor who had been coming to Penobscot bay for years in search of pelts. Cartier had always seemed an extremely poor man, living with difficulty on his meager pay from Astor. But suddenly, supplied with money, he gave up fur trading and devoted himself exclusively to hunting, fishing, and drinking.

Olmsted discovered that Astor's only bank account was with the Manhattan Co. Astor's total deposits in the beginning did not exceed \$4,000 a year; and when he shipped furs abroad or sold to local dealers, the books of the bank showed virtually the whole transaction. But in 1801, Astor paid to Jacques Cartier "in settlement to date," the unprecedented sum of \$5,000, although the annual dealings between the two had never before exceeded \$500. Perhaps it was well spent. Astor's deposits in his Manhattan Co. bank account jumped rather suddenly that

year to more than half a million dollars.

The same year that Jacques Cartier retired to alcoholic ease, the books of the bank recorded various credits on drafts remitted to Astor from a Roderick Streeter of London. They varied from £10,000 to £50,000. The total was nearly \$495,000, which with the normal income from his fur business comprised the half million his account was credited during the year. During the next two years Streeter drafts continued to appear on monthly deposit sheets until they reached an additional \$800,000, or \$1,300,000 in all. Then they abruptly ceased.

Who was this Mr. Streeter who suddenly began to pay the modest fur trader a fortune in installments of from \$50,000 to \$250,000 each, and then disappeared from Astor records? Mr. Olmsted was not surprised to learn that Roderick Streeter then headed the firm of Streeter & Co., one of the largest dealers in precious stones in the world.

Then, according to the story, Mr. Olmsted learned that the last house in which the original John Jacob Astor lived was torn down in 1893 and replaced by a superb modern dwelling; and that the old building was sold to a wrecking firm. In the hope that the rusty box had been sold with other rubbish about the premises, Mr. Olmsted began a series of investigations. They produced a box which he shipped to Deer Isle. The bolts on its bottom and the box itself fit the print in the clay. On its top, distinguishable despite the heavy coating of rust, were

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scrawled, as if with a chisel, two identifying marks. They were the letters W. K. which would be the initials of William Kidd.

Olmsted had begun his search in the spirit of fun, and had later pursued the course of the box and its fabulous contents primarily in the spirit of advenure. He was content with a modest reckoning. The \$1,300,000, which Streeter paid Astor, with legal interest computed from date of receipt until 1895, would amount to \$5,112,234.50, and for this sum he now made formal demand on the Astor estate. The demand was, as he probably expected, refused.

The declaration filed by his attorneys, Joseph H. Choate, Stewart L.

Woodford, and Frederick W. Hollis, set out the history of the claim from the beginning, and petitioned for the reliefs for which he had already asked. The Astor family, by their lawyers, Elihu Root and Edward Isham, denied liability upon the ground that the cause of action, if ever valid, was barred by the statute of limitations.

The celebrated lawsuit of Frederick Law Olmsted vs. John Jacob Astor et al is presumed to have been settled satisfactorily out of court. For the world's amusement, it is too bad that the issue was not joined.

All of which is interesting, true, or fake. But the former baker's boy got the money somewhere to become "the Landlord of New York."

Who Said This in 1944?

Since we cannot believe in the good faith of communist Russia, and since we know the insidious power of Bolshevism, we must take account of the fact that the weakening or destruction of her neighbors will greatly increase Russia's ambition and powers. This will make more necessary than ever an intelligent attitude on the part of the western countries.

Once Germany is destroyed and Russia has consolidated her preponderant position in Europe and Asia, and once the U. S. has consolidated her position in the Atlantic and Pacific, thus becoming the most powerful nation in the universe, European interests will suffer their most serious and dangerous crisis in a shattered Europe.

And This in 1943?

Communism is the great danger threatening the world. If, in addition, it is supported by the formidable force of a great power it is natural that many should feel alarm.

In our opinion, if until recently Russia constituted the greatest danger which has threatened Europe, her present military and industrial power cause the Russian nation at the present moment to be infinitely more feared than she was formerly.

And we ask a question. Is there anyone in the center of Europe, in that mosaic of countries without consistency or unity, bled moreover by war and foreign domination, who could contain the ambitions of Stalin? There is certainly no one.

Red Fadeout in Hollywood

By OLIVER CARLSON

Condensed from Plain Talk*

OLLYWOOD has been the mecca of every pro-communist writer, actor and director for nearly all of the last ten years. The one sure way to a good job in the industry for any ambitious newcomer was to be seen at the numerous rallies and mass meetings staged by the communist front organizations. That day is gone. The change that came over the industry began in November, 1947, when the "unfriendly" tenwriters and directors refused to tell the House Committee on Un-American Activities whether or not they were, or ever had been, members of the Communist party.

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But credit must first be given to the "friendly" witnesses for the courage they displayed in trying to save the industry. When the House Committee on Un-American Activities decided to hold a public hearing on communist infiltration in Hollywood, the movie moguls did their best to stop it. "It will hurt the industry, reduce attendance, cut profits," they warned. Using the same appeal, they tried to keep some of the key "friendly" witnesses away from the hearings. But, as we know, there were enough anti-communist motion-picture people testifying to make the work of the committeemen successful.

In the months immediately following the Washington hearings, the "friendly" witnesses became almost pariahs in Hollywood. The spark plug of the Motion Picture Alliance, James K. McGuinness, who had long been second in command at the MGM studios, found himself replaced by Dore Schary, who had never opposed the communists, Richard Macaulay, Fred Niblo, Jr. and John C. Moffitt, screen writers of long standing, who had fought the communists in the Screen Writers Guild over a period of years, found themselves unemployed. Moffitt also lost his position as movie critic for Esquire magazine, Morrie Ryskind, Pulitzer Prize-winning dramatist and long one of Hollywood's ablest screen writers, found his services unwanted. though before the Washington hearings he had been forced to turn down many of the jobs offered him. Adolphe Menjou, for 20 years a sure-fire star of the first magnitude, ran into difficulties in getting assignments for the first time in his motion picture career.

Others among the friendly witnesses were subjected to vicious smear campaigns. Among them were actors Robert Montgomery, Gary Cooper and Robert Taylor; writers Ayn Rand and Rupert Hughes; producers Leo Mc-Carey, Sam Wood and Walt Disney.

What happened to the ten "unfriendly" witnesses who defied the Un-American Activities Committee in Washington? There was a lot of fuss and fury raised by radio commentators, newspaper columnists, preachers, teachers, and social workers against the "dictatorial and inquisitorial tactics" of the Committee. Delegations descended upon Washington, the largest, noisiest and most spectacular of them from Hollywood itself, led by John Garfield and Humphrey Bogart. "Don't you know," these film stars demanded, "that you are persecuting our finest writing and directorial talent?" They implied that the fate of the whole motion picture industry rested in the hands of these ten men.

Soon after the Washington hearing ended, the Motion Picture Producers Association announced through its president, Eric Johnston, that the "unfriendly ten" would no longer be employed by any of its affiliates. This let loose a new furor. "Not only are we persecuted for our ideas, but now we are to be starved to death as well!"

Let us look more closely at the whole picture. The ten had been employed by the Hollywood motion picture studios for periods ranging from six to 12 years. It is doubtful if even the lowest salary any of them received during 1946 and 1947 was less than \$1,250 per week. They were, without a doubt, the most highly paid "proletarians" in the world.

That the "unfriendly ten" placed a

high value upon their creative talents may be judged by the amount of damages they have just asked for in their lawsuits against the Motion Picture Producers Association and its member companies. Screen director Edward Dmytryk tops the list. He asks for \$8,350,275, Next comes screen writer Dalton Trumbo, who demands \$7 .-233,000, followed closely by Ring Lardner, Jr., with a request for \$7,-147,500. Adrian Scott wants \$6,942,-600; Lester Cole wants \$6,435,000, and Albert Maltz \$3,750,000. The remaining four-John Howard Lawson, Herbert Biberman, Samuel Ornitz and Alvah Bessie-ask \$3 million each.

Can it be that the present slump in motion pictures came when these ten stopped contributing masterpieces to the screen? What did they give the world while they were employed by Hollywood?

Edward Dmytryk directed ten pictures during 1945-46-47: Murder My Sweet, Till the End of Time, Back to Batdan, Cornered, Crossfire, Boston Blackie, Hitler's Children, Golden Gloves, The Devil Commands, Confessions of a Television Spy.

Adrian Scott's bid for immortality rests upon: Miss Susie Slagle's, Farewell My Lovely, My Pal Wolf, We Go Fast, Parson of Panimint, and Keeping Company.

Ring Lardner, Jr., contributed his bit by writing the screen plays for Forever Amber and Cloak and Dagger. Dalton Trumbo gave us Jealousy, Our Vines Have Tender Grapes, and Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo. er

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Lester Cole takes credit for Men in Her Diary, Blood on the Sun, Strange Conquest, The High Wall, Fiesta, The Romance of Rosy Ridge, Love Technique, If I Had a Million, and Footsteps in the Dark. Albert Maltz wrote Pride of the Marines and Naked City. Herbert Biberman is responsible for Together Again, King of Chinatown, Road to Yesterday, Master Race, Action in Arabia, and New Orleans.

Alvah Bessie's fertile brain came up with Smart Women, Northern Pursuit, The Very Thought of You, and Objective Burma. John Howard Lawson's contributions to the screen during the past few years include Counter-Attack, Smash-up, The Story of a Woman, Goodbye Love, Blushing Bride, Bachelor Apartment, Success at Any Price, and Party Wire. Samuel Ornitz gave Hollywood China's Little Devils, They Live Again, and Circumstantial Evidence.

Such is the record. Not one truly great screen-play from the lot of them. Instead, an outpouring of mediocrity, even by Hollywood's low standards. The plots are hackneyed, the characters corny, the dialogue dull. Yet they drew top salaries; they enjoyed prestige out of all proportion to their ability, and they were for a period of years

a tremendous power in the industry.

All of the "unfriendly ten" have been speaking at public meetings and rallies all over the country, presenting their case and raising funds for their legal defense. But they, who have been so loud in their demands to speak and write what they wish wherever and whenever they wish, have at the same time hastened to defend the Kremlin purges of writers, artists, musicians, historians, economists, and scientists for failing to conform to party edicts.

The influence of these ten writers and directors in the Hollywood colony—so potent two years ago that hundreds of actors, writers and even executives feared to cross them—has steadily diminished. The momentary wave of sympathy created for them by slick propaganda in late 1947 faded away during 1948.

Ambitious young actors and writers now find it advisable to shun the Actors Laboratory Theater, the Hollywood Writers Mobilization and other communist-front organizations. The Screen Writers Guild, which had been completely dominated by Lawson, Trumbo, Maltz and the rest for a number of years, is at last functioning under a leadership which repudiates communism.

Answers to Who Said This

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Answer: 1. Francisco Franco, in a letter to Winston Churchill, Oct. 18, 1944.

Answer: 2. Count Jordana, Spanish foreign minister, in a personal memorandum to Sir Samuel Hoare, British ambassador to Spain, Feb. 21, 1943.

Red Fadeout in Radio

Condensed from The Sign*

or long ago, an up-and-coming young actor whom we'll call Ted Foster found himself surprisingly unable to get further work on New York radio programs, though he had acted in more than 50 network shows and a couple of Broadway hits. With a wife and three children to take care of, Ted desperately looked up every radio director and casting supervisor he could reach. He got a few calls for acting assignments, but mostly heard: "Sorry, we don't have the right part for you just now."

Ted took a loan, and then—as that ran dry—sent his wife and children home to her mother's, while he tightened his belt and made one final round of the casting offices. It was no use. There just didn't seem to be room in New York radio and television for Ted Foster. He went back to the Midwest, convinced he had failed as an actor.

Actually, he hadn't failed. Ted Foster was just one more victim of the communist blacklist in radio and TV, a heartless weapon which has been used to starve innumerable anti-communists out of acting, producing, and writing careers. It also restricts the employment opportunities of other loyal Americans who are so well established

in broadcasting that the commies and their allies can't drive them out altogether.

This blacklist is only one weapon the Reds have used in their successful efforts to colonize the airwave industry. They also have a whitelist of radio people who are members of the Communist Party or faithful followers. If these members are just breaking into radio, influential Reds and Pinks give them a hand-up. If they are already established, they are rewarded with many and choice directing, writing, and acting assignments.

Ted Foster had arrived in New York after wartime service with the Navy. Foster was newly-wed, had saved money, and wanted to break into big-time radio acting. He had college and postgrad training in theater arts, and considerable acting experience in group theaters and on a major midwest radio station. He possessed a bright mind, a good appearance, keen dramatic sense, and a pleasing personality.

He won parts on several of the daytime serials, and even got a couple of minor roles in Broadway plays. One day, a radio director for whom he had worked many times invited him to join the Progressive Citizens of Amerta

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ica. Ted knew the PCA was a "liberal" organization. He didn't know it was a movement which, as the house Un-American Activities committee later said, "from its inception had the active approval and support of Moscow and the Communist party of the United States."

Ted paid his dues and joined the PCA. Around Radio Row and Broadway, it was whispered that PCA members had unusual luck getting calls for important roles.

From the day he joined the PCA, Ted found new doors opening to him. He worked on dozens of network programs, often through introductions arranged by the "progressive" director or his friends. It was fortunate that his income was expanding, for his family was expanding, too.

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Ted began getting other calls also—calls to cocktail parties where big names of the stage, screen, and radio singled him out, told him how good he was, and promised him help. In between their flatteries and their promises, Ted noticed, they slid in the Stalinist interpretation of current events, ridiculed commercial radio programs and the big companies sponsoring them, and hinted of changes that were to come "once the masses had been taught along progressive lines."

Ted didn't agree with the commie propaganda of the cocktailing celebrities, he didn't accept their invitations to sponsor assorted commie fronts, he didn't attend "progressive" plays at New Stages or the Jefferson School of Social Science, and he didn't contribute to fund-raising appeals. Soon he didn't get any more cocktail invitations, or any more acting calls from the "progressive" director and his many influential friends.

Other radio directors and casting supervisors, not Reds or Pinks, noticed that Ted was no longer on programs and concluded that something was wrong with him. They also heard whispered reports circulated by his former employers. When Ted went to new casting offices in search of parts, he got the brush-off there, too. He was effectively blacklisted out of radio. Ted Foster's case is typical of scores of others.

"Bud Collyer is too busy to take on any more assignments," the commies and their friends noise about. "Dick Kollmar is hard to work with. Joseph Curtin is too typed to work on other shows. House Jameson is a contract player on The Aldrich Family. He won't work on other shows for regular AFRA scale pay." Such rumors, though entirely untrue, keep many top actors, loyal Americans, off programs where they would be glad to work. When the commies and their friends can't drive such famous men out of broadcasting altogether, they conspire to limit their employment.

Now let's look at the other commie tactic, the white list. Witness a typical case, that of a young actor we'll call Brian McBain.

Like Ted Foster, Brian was in his late 20's when he came to New York. He had acted in college and in summer stock with fair success, and

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worked for the OWI during the war. His boss was a former radio writer, and through him Brian was introduced into "liberal" or "progressive" circles on Broadway and Radio Row late in 1945.

Brian passed his first "test" when a well-known actor asked him to join the Win-the-Peace conference and he accepted. Brian knew it meant endorsing Soviet efforts to grab eastern Germany and the Balkan states. He also knew that for him it would mean acting calls, and it did. He got lots of radio parts out of it, and even a couple of bits on Broadway.

He was invited to "liberal" cocktail parties, too, and at one of them he met a blonde "Communist party girl." Afterwards, she turned up at almost every party he went to. They were finally married by a magistrate, not in the church in which he had been reared.

After that, sponsorship of other communist fronts came easily, though in his own mind Brian never thought of himself as a Red. "I'm advanced—a progressive," he told himself and others. It tickled his intellectual vanity and paid off in good jobs to sponsor groups like Stage for Action, Peoples' Radio Foundation, Inc., Theatre Arts Committee, Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy, Committee for the First Amendment, and Stop Censorship.

He let them use his name as a sponsor for the Red May Day parade along with many famous names of stage, screen and radio: playwrights like Edward Chodorov, Clifford Odets and Arnaud d'Usseau; actors like José Ferrer, Uta Hagen and Libby Holman; directors like Charles Irving and William M. Sweets.

Brian had no way of telling whether these and the other sponsors of the May Day parade were or were not commies. A few of them had proclaimed they were. But he knew that most of the really influential commies were not allowed to reveal their CP membership, even to other Reds. Probably some of the sponsors, like himself, were not actually members of the party at all, though they often traveled with it.

He ran across some of the parade sponsors from time to time, and more than one of them used his influence to get Brian further calls. Naturally, Brian was glad to sponsor the parade in 1947 and 1948 also.

In the summer of 1948 his wife went to a communist summer camp in the Catskills, and he tagged along. The lectures on Marxism and communist tactics he found either boring or revolting, but there was ample time for sports and dancing. Then, too, there were music hours when they listened to recorded songs of Burl Ives, Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Earl Robinson and others beloved by the party. Best of all were the seminars in acting, at which noted guest speakers from Broadway, Hollywood and Radio Row expertly coached newcomers the party was trying to push.

When the Win-the-Peace Conference evolved into the PCA and then

into the Progressive party, Brian and his friends went along. He wanted to keep making his \$30,000 a year, or better it. He joined Radio for Wallace in 1948 and that fall he and his wife took part in benefit performances to raise campaign funds and Wallace votes.

They were rewarded suitably. She drew an important committee assignment in the Congress of American Women and he was made understudy to one of the principal players in a prize-winning Broadway play. It meant a weekly percentage of his salary to the CP, plus special assessments now and then for important commie projects, but why should he complain? He was making \$1,000 a week from Broadway, radio, and TV, Besides, all the other members of the cast and even the stagehands and musicians had to contribute. And the playwright himself was nicked for \$1,200 special assessment to help pay for the defense of the 11 American Politbureau members on trial in New York City.

Brian never actually became a member of the party. They were content to keep him "under party discipline." Consequently, he never knew all the party's strategy and tactics in radio. He did know about groups like Peoples' Radio Foundation, Inc., which was described by the anti-communist weekly newsletter Counterattack as "a front set up by the Communist party to try to get an FM license." He knew about Voice of Freedom, a front which kept pressuring the PCC, stations and sponsors in an effort to get pro-com-

munists on the air and drive anticommunists off. He knew that Clifford J. Durr, a former Commissioner of the Federal Communications commission, was active in communist causes.

Many of his communist and procommunist friends appeared on such New York radio stations as WMCA. WNYC (the city's own station!) and WLIB. They didn't seem to get far on such networks as NBC or Mutual, and only a little farther on ABC, but for a long while they worked in numbers on CBS, had staff jobs, and even managed to get cleverly pro-communist scripts on the air, not only in "documentaries," but also over commercially sponsored programs. Then the CBS top management was apparently "wised up," and a house-cleaning began. But some of the pro-communists fired by CBS went on writing and directing in the radio division of the United Nations information department!

Brian himself was active in the left wing of AFRA, though the pro-communists had lost control there. He knew they were still influential in the National Association of Broadcast Unions and Guilds, in the Radio and Television Directors guild, and in the Radio Writers guild and Television Writers guild. In all of these radiotalent unions they held some key national and local offices.

One evening, out of curiosity, Brian made up a list of radio celebrities who had been cited in public records as having been associated with communist causes or fronts. He knew it wasn't

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complete, but it did have some big names in it: Directors and/or Producers: Hi Brown, William M. Sweets, Charles Irving, William M. Robson, Mitchell Grayson, Norman Corwin, Guest Stars: John Garfield, Frederic March, Lee J. Cobb, Edward G. Robinson, José Ferrer, Uta Hagen, Zero Mostel, Canada Lee, Larry Adler, Paul Draper, Mady Christians, Elliot Sullivan.

Actors: Sam Wanamaker, Paul Stewart, Ralph Bell, Everett Sloane, Paul Mann, Robert (Bob) Dryden, Roger de Koven, Will Geer, Gertrude Berg, Philip Loeb, Joe Julian, Edith Atwater, Minerva Pious, Irene Wicker ("The Singing Lady"), Paul McGrath, Hester Sondergaard, Donna Keath, Alexander Scourby, Adelaide Klein, Martin Wolfson, Anne Burr, Leon Janney, Ralph Camargo, Charles Irving (who also was a producer, director, and announcer).

Singers: Oscar Brand, Burl Ives, Kenneth Spencer.

Music: Aaron Copland, Artie Shaw. Writers: Norman Corwin, Shirley Graham, Arnold Perl, Walter Bernstein, Peter Lyon, Millard Lampell.

Brian for one moment had an honest thought as he looked at that list. "Here we are," he reflected, "many of us making from \$25,000 to \$50,000 a year and up, yet we're helping those who try to destroy the American system which makes such income possible. Some of the people on that list are actually Communist party members, All of us, in one way or another, have helped the party colonize radio and

television. We've sponsored party fronts or contributed to them. Some of us have worked to get commie propaganda on the air, and keep anti-Red stuff off. We've helped those who agreed with us get jobs, and some of us have blacklisted those who were against us. Yet, we pretended we were for 'freedom of the air.' If we tried such tricks in the USSR, we'd be dead before we knew it!"

In June, 1949, William M. Sweets was given his release by Phillips H. Lord, Inc., producers of radio and TV programs. Sweets had been directing the Saturday night "Gangbusters" series and the Thursday evening "Counter-Spy" thrillers. About the same time, the Lord office allegedly ceased employing many actors often cast by Sweets and known to have openly supported commie fronts. No less than nine pro-communist affiliations on Sweets' part were listed by Counterattack, which is probably the best timely source of facts on communism published today.

The Lord office merely stated that the sponsors and advertising agencies involved did not feel Mr. Sweets had given complete satisfaction, and therefore he had resigned "for other plans."

But commies and pro-commies began screaming about an alleged "widespread political blacklist of radio artists." They were influential in having the New York local of the RTDG and the National and New York councils of NABUG, radio talent unions, pass swollen resolutions denouncing the alleged blacklist and threatening legal action against those who might employ it.

Into the battle rushed the communist Daily Worker with a demand that "the blacklist in radio be fought to a standstill." The so-called Voice of Freedom committee, cited by the House Un-American Activities committee as "defending pro-communist radio speakers," promised the radio unions "the complete support of our 2,500 monitors throughout the country in any action you undertake to oppose this new device for censorship of the air."

The VOF and the National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, "foremost Red front in the cultural arena," jointly sponsored on Aug. 11, 1949, a meeting in New York's Hotel Abbey to organize professional and listener opposition to anti-communist measures in radio.

As Frederick Woltman, the New York World-Telegram's expert exposer of communist tactics, commented next day, "An organized campaign to keep the airwaves safe for communism was under way today in the radio-television industry. It was

started last night by two communist fronts which combined to map out a program for pressuring the networks, agencies, and broadcast sponsors against dropping communists and communist sympathizers from their staffs of actors, writers and producers."

The high indignation of the Reds and their friends at the alleged anticommunist blacklist, and their eloquent concern for civil liberties, are just a little phony when one considers that the pro-Reds had been using a blacklist against loyal Americans in radio for the last dozen years, that members of the VOF have bragged of their ability to exert pressure in favor of their friends and against their enemies in broadcasting. The communist Worker of June 12, 1949, even urged an all-out letter-writing campaign to keep "Amos 'n' Andy" off the air!

There are strong indications that the commie opposition to Mr. Sweets' dismissal is finally alerting those in the radio industry who were inclined to pooh-pooh accounts of Red colonization. Indeed, it now seems that the tide is turning against the Reds.



In spire of our most exacting attention to every subscription, sometimes (rarely, thank goodness) a copy will fail to be delivered. If it should happen to you, and your copy doesn't arrive by the 5th of the month, please let us know at once.

And when you change your address, tell us as soon as you can, because the process requires about three weeks. And tell us your old address as well as the new one.

Royal Family of Golf

HERBERT WARREN WIND

Condensed from True*

the newspapers, in reporting how the one and only Bobby Jones had roared down the stretch on July 11, 1926, to win the National Open championship at the Scioto Country club, had to write a good deal about a chap called Joe Turnesa in order to tell the story of Jones' second victory in the Open. Turnesa, they explained, had made Bobby win the title. Jones, playing two groups behind Turnesa, had been forced to come through with a fine birdie on that last hole to win the championship from him by a one-stroke margin.

The country would hear more of this Turnesa, the golf writers said. They were righter than they knew. Golf fans heard more not only of Joe Turnesa, but in time of Phil Turnesa, Frank Turnesa, Mike Turnesa, Doug Turnesa, Jim Turnesa and Willie Turnesa. It was confusing, but one point was clear: if a chap's name was Turnesa, that meant he was a golfer, and a good golfer.

Golf runs in families, but there has never been a golf family like the Turnesas. They are the only family that has been represented on both the Ryder and Walker cup teams—Joe on the Ryder in 1927 and 1929, Willie on the Walker in 1947 and 1949.

Another statement that no other family can make is that three of the Turnesa brothers have succeeded in reaching the final of the Professional Golfers' association championship. They are today, as Lincoln Werden of the New York *Times* has called them so aptly, the Royal Family of Golf.

Joe, Jim, and Mike, the three who almost made it in the PGA, are the three professional Turnesas with the most talent. As competitors they are courteous and quietly assured, steady rather than colorful, at their best in tough going-qualities that are eminently applicable to all the boys. The relationship among the brothers is not just close; it is practically adhesive. They are one another's best friends, in practice as well as in theory. Each has his circle of friends outside of the family, but they honestly prefer the company of other Turnesas. Mike's wife recited the experience of all of the boys' wives when she confessed to a friend, "It never fails to amaze

me how the boys stick together. I thought I came from a closely knit family, but it's nothing like the one I married into. Whenever there's a free evening before us, it's always, 'Let's go up to Phil's,' or 'Let's pop in on Willie.'"

The head of the Turnesa family is Mr. Vitale Turnesa. He is a man of many names. No one calls him Vitale, nor has for many years, with the exception of his wife, Anna. To the boys he is Pop. To John R. Inglis, the professional of the Fairview Country club, where since 1907 Mr. Turnesa has been employed as chief foreman of the greenkeeping crews, he is known as Mike, or as Old Mike to separate him from his 40-year-old son.

By any name, he is wonderful. He stands a wiry 5 feet 7 inches. He is white-haired, and his skin has the deep reddish brown of the man who lives outdoors. His eyes are brown and responsive, and the key to a smile and a laugh of honest good cheer. Now 75 years old, Pop continues to work on the fairways at Fairview, though the urgency of doing so has long since passed. Like men who have worked hard all their lives, it would be impossible for Pop to stop working. This past spring, whenever Mr. Inglis suggested he take half a day off from his greenkeeping work, Pop would agree verbally but would never leave the course until the day was completed. When he goes home at night, he spends the early evening working around his yard, gardening, or plastering, painting, or carpentering. He

must be doing something all the time.

Pop has followed the careers of his sons with enthusiasm and pride. He chooses to remain inconspicuous in the gallery when watching them in tournaments. But the boys know he is following them when they hear the clinking of his big key chain. Pop believes in locking everything up and carries more than 20 keys.

Pop had been in this country 13 years when he found Elmsford, a village some 20 miles northeast of New York City. His foster father, a Mr. De Piero, had sailed to the U.S. from Italy in 1888. He found work as a longshoreman and, when he could afford it, brought over the six other members of his family. Last to come, in 1891, were Mrs. De Piero and 16-year-old Vitale, It was only then that Pop learned that he was a Turnesa, that his mother had died in childbirth, and that his father had arranged to have the De Pieros bring him up. Mr. De Piero told Pop he should make his own decision on what family name to use, and Pop chose Turnesa.

Vitale did odd jobs along the water front until he got himself the shoeshine concession on a Hudson-river ferryboat to Hoboken. He worked hard on the ferry, married, and started raising a family at 107 Thompson St. in New York City. In 1902, his wife's health, which had never been too strong, took a turn for the worse. In the same year a brother-in-law purchased some land in Elmsford, a quiet village in a green valley. Pop decided to purchase a small plot of land there,

too. Two years later he had saved enough money to start building a small house on his land, and the family, which then numbered three boys, Phil 7, Frank, 5, and Joe, 2, moved to the country. Pop was then a porter on the Lackawanna railroad and commuted to work for three years.

Pop went to work for the Fairview Country club in 1907 at \$15 a week. That wasn't enough to meet the needs of his ever-increasing family and he was always eager to make an extra dollar. After working nine hours on the golf course, he would caddy in the evenings, carrying not one but as many as three or four bags.

The Turnesas were the third family, they believe, to settle in Elmsford. Even when the population sprouted to 500, there were still not enough young boys to fill Fairview's caddy requirements. The horse-drawn stagecoach that met the members at the railroad station in White Plains also picked up youngsters from near-by towns to caddy at 25c a round. But the imported caddies were never so numerous that J. R. Inglis wasn't glad to see a new boy.

Phil was about 10 when he first walked up the hill to J. R.'s shop and asked if he could become a caddy. He came smaller than the usual package. He wore a red skullcap and smiled a lot, out of friendliness, not embarrassment. J. R. decided he was too small for regular caddying, but took him on as his lesson-caddy. Phil in time graduated from chasing balls to carrying the light canvas bags popular with

women. In due course, when they reached the age of 9, the six other brothers walked up the hill to Fairview. Under J. R. they learned golf and they learned a great many things that are more important in life than golf.

The man from whom the boys learned most was J. R. himself. A gentleman among gentlemen, a polite and honest man, never too busy to notice and know each boy who worked for him, J. R. unconsciously set an example for his caddies which few of them have ever forgotten. Beside the Turnesas, his influence was enormous in shaping the successful careers of Iimmy and Johnny Farrell, Fred Decker, Tony Manero, Louis Costello, and other youngsters. For the last 20 years, J. R. has been president of the Metropolitan section of the PGA. The year 1949 finds him entering his 43rd season as professional at Fairview.

With the exception of Frank and Willie, the Turnesa boys went to work full time at Fairview when they finished junior high school. Frank wanted more education. He entered White Plains High in 1912. The board of education paid the first half of his tuition. When Pop got the bill for the second half and couldn't meet it, Frank was forced to leave school. J. R. took Frank on in the pro shop. Frank started by making golf clubs on the bench. Later he became caddy master and went right through the whole business of running a golf shop.

With entry of the U. S. into the 1st World War, a good number of the greenkeeping crew were called away and J. R. sent Frank "outside." Pop was in full agreement. Frank wanted to become a pro, and in Pop's opinion, a pro had to know course maintenance.

Frank eventually went into golf architecture, beginning as an aide in 1920 in the construction of the old Shrewsbury-river course near Red Bank, N. I. He moved into Pennsylvania and did courses of his own at Shamokin, Milton, and Montoursville, After the depression, when golf architects were about as much in demand as Hoover buttons, Frank became a teaching pro. He went at instruction with his characteristic thoroughness. He broke down the swing into its component links by "feel," and made himself an expert teacher, undoubtedly the finest in the family.

Now a grandfather and starting into his 50's, Frank is at present the pro at the Hasty Brook course, in Harrison, N. Y., which he helped to remodel. Slight, graying, a man of shy nobility, he has been called Doc ever since he was able to crawl. Mrs. Turnesa, like nearly all mothers, had professions chosen for her children, and Frank was nominated to be the doctor. (Willie, by the way, was his mother's choice to become a priest.)

For Anna Turnesa, her home has been her entire life. An exceedingly religious woman, her few ventures away from home have been to go to church. She has never played a golf shot, never watched a golf match. Doug, who lives around the corner from his parents' house with his wife

and 16-year-old daughter, takes his mother for occasional automobile rides. Now and then they have gone for walks over the fairways, but that is as close as Mrs. Turnesa has come to the game. Whereas Pop loves to swing the irons and to putt, and, like his sons, enjoys talking golf by the hour, golf talk is a foreign language to Mom Turnesa, But she is proud of the golf trophies that ornament her home. They are the visible tokens that her boys have done well in the careers they have chosen. It is accepted practice among her sons to bring home to Mom each cup, medal, or plaque they win.

It is impossible to pin Pop Turnesa down about the happiest moment of his life. He is wary of being trapped into expressing a preference for any of his sons or for any of their victories. Mrs. Turnesa is likewise noncommittal. But in the opinion of Phil Turnesa, Frank Turnesa, Ioe Turnesa, Mike Turnesa, Doug Turnesa and Iim Turnesa, there was one day that stood head and shoulders above any other for the Turnesa family. It followed soon upon Willie's return to the States after winning the British Amateur in 1947 at Carnoustie. At the banquet for Willie at the Knollwood Country club, Willie was flanked by his entire family. He made a brief speech of appreciation and his brothers similarly acknowledged how much the interest of their friends had always meant to the family. Then Pop was called upon to speak.

He surprised his boys by rising to his feet. He had never made a speech in his life. They wondered what he would say when he started to address the hundreds in the room, speaking slowly and softly in a mixture of English and Italian. Then they sat back and listened as did everyone in the large gathering. Pop talked to them as if he were talking to his family on Payne St. In substance, he told the people of the Knollwood Club what

living in the U. S. had meant to him and his family. He sat down, and when the entire banquet room remained silent for a full minute afterward, he was stupefied, not realizing how deeply eloquent were the simple and sincere words he had spoken.

The next day Pop was back on his fairways at Fairview, and his sons were back on theirs.



Little Joe did all right-better than his dad

Altar Boys Are Getting Better

By JOSEPH A. BREIG

Condensed from the Missionary Servant*



AD, I'm scared." I sat up in bed, rubbed my eyes, and saw my nine-year-old son standing beside me. He was fighting back tears, his face one great unrelieved picture of distress. For an instant there came over me that sinking feeling which every parent knows who has ever had anything go wrong with one of the children. What now, I asked myself, in a kind of mortal fear of the answer: an infected ear, a toothache, a dangerous fever?

In an instant I remembered, and breathed a small sigh of relief. I

glanced at the clock. It was 5:30; and young Joe was serving his first Mass today: the 6:30.

"Dad, I'm scared." Of course he was scared. Who, with any imagination, with any realization, would not be frightened at the thought of going, for the first time, unto the altar of the living God, to kneel within arm's length of the risen Christ Himself?

"Nonsense, Joe," I said, dragging myself out of bed. "Nonsense!" I put my arm around his shoulders and rumpled his hair. "You've practiced until you could serve Mass in your sleep. You know all the words. You know when to ring the bell and move the book. Scared? Bosh! Get dressed now, and I'll wake mother." He smiled a tentative smile. "Don't forget to wash your neck," I said.

My wife opened her eyes, gave me a puzzled look, and said suddenly, "I think I'd better stay home."

"Why?" I asked.

"I'm afraid he'll make a mistake," she replied, "and if he does I'll die right there in church. I don't think I can stand the suspense."

"Nonsense," I said. "He's not going to make any mistakes. Afraid? Nonsense!" And I went to the bathroom to shave, with a parting injunction: "Get up now; we haven't much time."

I dressed quickly and joined Joe. He was sitting on the edge of his bed, tying a shoestring in slow motion.

"Ready, Joe?" I asked, knowing perfectly well that he wasn't.

"Dad," he said, "what if I forget to say 'Sed libera nos a malo'?"

"You won't forget," I told him.

"How do you know?"

"I just know, that's all."

He looked at me doubtfully. "I don't see how you can know that I won't forget it, because I forgot it just now, and I was sitting here trying to think of it."

"Tie your other shoe," I said. "You forgot it because there was no priest here to say the first part of the Pater Noster to remind you of the ending. Stop worrying now, and come along. It's time to go."

We slipped quietly out the front door into the fresh air of a summer morning, my wife, our son, and I, and stepped briskly toward the church. For half a block we walked in silence. Joe stopped still once, and stared. I suppressed a smile.

"Sed libera nos a malo," I said.
"Now think about something else, will you?" But I knew he couldn't, although I tried to distract his attention by pointing to the sky, where a spectacular sunrise was raising a canopy of blue and gold and crimson.

He gave it one glance, and then lowered his head, plodding along saying to himself, "Sed libera nos a malo." "Deliver us from evil." I could have suggested a prayer more to the point. He should have been saying, "Deliver me from being a chip off the old block."

He didn't know it, but he was being coached and encouraged by the world's worst altar boy. My championship in that field has never been disputed, never even seriously challenged. I won the title the first time I stepped into a sanctuary at the age of six, and I have never lost it.

The other altar boys used to delay deliberately in order to hear my silence when the priest paused in the Pater Noster and waited for the response. Then they would glare at me and rattle off the words, grinning as I came out of my coma and muttered "malo" a moment after the priest had said "Amen."

Nothing but the inexhaustible patience and charity of the Church can explain the fact that I have not been barred from sacristies and sanctuaries from coast to coast and all around the earth. It would be no more than I deserve for my absent-mindedness; and vet the fact is that today I am an Ancient Acolyte. I am a server older than many of the priests.

I am notorious still for slanting the missal toward the tabernacle when it ought to be set square; and for setting it square when it ought to be slanted. I am famed for getting my surplice on crooked; for not remembering to remain kneeling at the Suscipiat; for neglecting to give the priest his biretta at the end of Mass, and for forgetting to ring the bells when they ought to be rung, or industriously ringing them when they ought to be silent.

But here I am, serving at Masses in the cathedral, and between times kneeling in a pew and watching proudly while young Joe performs the same function with the kind of perfection which is learned from Sisters, and from Sisters only. Now that I think of it, perhaps that is where I got off on the wrong foot. There were no Sisters in my boyhood parish, and I learned my altar-boying in a kind of hit-and-miss manner.

"I'm scared, dad," Joe had said, but he needn't have been. He moved through the majestic ceremony as if he had been doing it all his life. His clear voice spoke the responses with precision. He uttered the Confiteor with such unction and innocence that I am sure all our sins were instantly forgiven, simply because God was very much pleased with His altar boy.

I knelt there in the pew and had my foretaste of heaven. I do not expect to be called up for a maxima cum laude on Judgment day, in the presence of all the host of heaven and all the family of mankind from Adam to Omega; but if I were, I could not be half so proud as I was while watching my son serving Mass. There are those who will understand this, and there are those who will not. But I shall say for what it is worth:

I do not want to be President: I want to be the father of Joe, the altar boy. I do not want to be wealthy; I would rather kneel watching my son serving Mass. I am not concerned about being handsome, accomplished, successful, or famous; what I treasure is the opportunity to kneel at the railing and receive Communion from a priest for whom young Joe is holding the paten. I know that Satan has some very choice temptations, and that any of us might fall at any moment; but I also know that if he offered me all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them in exchange for a half-hour at Mass served by my son, I would laugh at him.

A Bit of Advice

Life is a bridge. Use it. But don't build your house on it.

Flights of Fancy

She snatched at a dangling participle and pulled herself into the conversation.

—Butinsky.

A tiny gold moth walking on moonlight. —Virginia Arville Kenny.

Sun emerging, leaving a day at every door.

—Emily Dickinson.

Chain of pearls strung seconds apart on black velvet. —A. M. Marguerite.

The whip-poor-will flung out his lariat of song.

—Margaret Yates.

The little waves danced for joy around the buoy. —Mark Twain.

Quick tiptoeing voices.

-Manning Long.

Her white taffeta whispered about her feet.

-Frances Ancker and Cynthia Hope.

Their private laughter swished about them, shutting her out.

-Iosephina Niggli.

He danced very well in a 19thcentury sort of way. —Nord Riley.

Being near him made her feel like a baby-sitter. —Nord Riley.

As lonely as the edge of the sea.

-Thomas Merton.

He felt like a crumpled page from yesterday's calendar.

-Raymend Chandler.

A cool, freshly laundered day in November. —New Yorker.

The gliding plane stretched for the runway.

—Ernie Pyle.

Persistent as a woodpecker on a drain pipe.

—Daniel A. Lord.

She marched along like an exclamation point in search of new controversies to finish. —Thomas J. Fitzmorris.

Crackers

She watched her neighbors from behind the ironed curtain.

-Catherine Rouss.

Books of piety written by sufferers from spiritual diabetes.

-Caryll Houselander.

Worn out trying to climb the family tree.

-Faith Baldwin.

She exclaimed in her largest capitals.

—W. M. Thackeray.

The motorist approached the coroner at 70 miles an hour.

-Quoted by the Emporia Gazette.

She always speaks the gossip-ed truth.

-Mrs. W. A. Shaffer.

Word Magic

Mother Nature frowned darkly, began to grumble, made a few sharp remarks, then repented and wept.

-A. I. Adams.

The women's voices seemed a part of the good food: Sarah's loud and strong like the hearty taste of roast ham, Anne's gentle and low as the welcome coolness of milk, Aileen's bright and merry with the zest of the wild plum sauce. —Marjorie Medary.

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

Where Fish Disturb the Peace

Condensed from All Hands*

have been going around making noises for millions of years, people never realized it until recently. But science has now stepped into this intellectual void and we are finding out a lot about what nature has known all these years. A pretty complete catalog of noises of fish from Scotland to Guadalcanal has been prepared from painstaking research done by navy scientists and others during the 2nd World War.

In 1942 the navy had in its final stages of development the acoustic mine which was later to wreak such havoc on Japanese shipping. This mine was so designed that the noise of a passing ship would detonate it.

Although navy ordnance masterminds were prepared for some background noise, from surf pounding on the shores and from other sources, they were caught with their earphones down when it came to fish noise. The survey has turned up many significant facts. For instance, fish make



all sorts of sounds from a barnyard-like cackle to an afterdinner burp. Fish noises cover a broad frequency range. They are generally louder in some locations than in others. The mating season is a great stimulation to the racket under the sea. Depending on location, scientists can predict roughly the amount and prevailing frequency of fish noise that may be encountered.

As these facts began to emerge, the navy men decided that such undersea noises might set off an acoustic mine, cause a homing torpedo to careen wildly off course, or foul up submarine listening and detecting devices.

That decided it. The navy went into the fish-noise recording business with a vengeance. Universities and research institutions are continuing the work.

To gather data, naval-ordnance men, civilian scientists, and biology experts combed the east coast from Cape May to Miami with their hydrophones (underwater micro-

phones) and disc and tape recorders. They made records and took measurements of everything that could swim. Other experts were dispatched to a wild-life laboratory at Beaufort, N. C., where they recorded the noises of fish in segregated pools, away from their friends and other background clatter. Another group set up shop in the Chicago aquarium. They stuck their hydrophones into every glassed-in pool in the place. A fourth group went aboard the USS Saluda, a 95-foot navy sailing yawl, and cruised around in the Gulf Stream from Miami to the Bahamas, taking recordings at eight locations. As a topper, an expert was dispatched to the South Pacific where he installed his apparatus on the USS Sumner, a destroyer converted to a survey ship. Dangling his hydrophone from a float this one-man Gallup poll took down the verbal opinions of fish in Pearl Harbor, the Ellice Islands, Noumea, Guadalcanal and the Russell Islands. His survey covered 11,000 miles of Pacific ocean and took six months to complete.

As the information began filling up its files, NOL set to work analyzing and cataloging it. More information, collected by the British in different parts of the world, was a valuable addition to the work of the U. S. scientists.

In its report, NOL lists these fish as the worst offenders of underwater silence.

Croaker. The most common of the drumfish. Drumfish make their noise by flapping their drumming muscles against an air bladder, thus setting up resonant vibrations in the water which can be distinctly heard as far away as 25 feet. The croaker himself makes a noise which sounds for all the world like an electric drill savagely attacking a tough piece of asphalt.

Toadfish. A sluggish, ill-tempered, nest-building bottom dweller; holds the world's record for loud noises. Taking his cue from ships topside, the toadfish makes a noise like a subdued steamboat whistle, a low-pitched sound of a half-second duration. He is strictly a bass and bleats in an unvarying monotone.

Spot. Another drumfish; makes a significant contribution to the racket at the bottom of the sea. A solitary fish who likes to be by himself, and for that reason is easy to pick up, he is quieter than most but his raucous honk can be heard by the hydrophone.

Sea robin. This colorful little fish makes a sound like a musician plucking a harp he has forgotten to tune; or like a well-trained cowhand consistently hitting the spittoon at the corner saloon.

Sea catfish. Another significant noisemaker, the catfish gives out with a sound like that of a soft-shoe dancer tapping out a fast step on a barrelhead. This fellow is almost always heard in company with a chorus of croakers and other sonic species.

Hogfish. An easy winner on an amateur hour, this fish fairly bursts with talent. Take him out of the water and he oinks like a pig. Put him back in—his mood changes, and he makes a

rasping sound, like a saw on a strip of steel. He does it by gnashing his teeth together in bursts of four or five

rasps.
Porpoise.

Porpoise. The sleek, streamlined porpoise that dives so gracefully under the navy's ships in tropical waters is no friend of the underwater acoustic expert. He makes a racket like a barnyardful of squawking chickens.

Snapping shrimp. These noisy samples of marine life line the bottom of the sea in warm waters and make their distinctive noise by banging one big claw against another smaller one. The result, listeners say, is a cross between a crackling and a buzzing which is a cinch to identify.

Inevitably, all sorts of fishy suggestions have turned up in the wake of the navy's underwater noise study. But many results of the survey have already found practical application by the navy. In any case, the navy has proved that the bottom of the sea sounds more like a New York subway at rush hour than the quiet, watery tomb it is generally thought to be.



Unless You Become . . .

I ALWAYS knew that the Church ordinarily remembers its saints by the anniversaries of their deaths to this world, "their birthdays into heaven." But a few weeks ago, when the pastor of our church was laid out before the altar, this phrase was beautifully impressed upon my memory. A mother with her four-year-old daughter came up the aisle and stood for a minute or two before the bier. The little girl, raising her eyes, noticed all the tall lighted candles around the casket. Immediately she began to sing "Happy Birthday to You."

John P. Donoghue.

'As Little Children

During the anti-Negro outburst in the Gary, Ind., schools, two 1st-grade boys, one white, the other a Negro, walked up to the principal, hand in hand, saying, "We wanted you to know we're leaving school. We don't want to go to school with those coloreds."

From Punishment Without Crime by S. Andhil Fineberg (Doubleday, 1949).



California was independent for 25 days even though it didn't want to be

The Bear Flag Republic

By EDWIN CORLE

Condensed chapter of a book*

RESIDENT James K. Polk, from a Mexican point of view, was the biggest gringo of them all. He had little sympathy with things Mexican. His foreign policy was to make everything north of the Rio Grande to the Pacific coast a part of the U. S. He was not a warmonger but he certainly was willing to go to war if all else failed.

Polk first tried to buy California and New Mexico (this latter included Arizona) from President Herrera and the Mexican government. This was not easy to do because Mexico was still smarting over losing Texas which had broken away and become an independent nation only to join, almost at once, the U.S.; and because no Mexican administration seemed able to stay in office long enough to even begin negotiations. Mexico had had 17 revolutions in 25 years. To make a purchase from a government like that was dangerous, to say the least, for the next administration might repudiate it.

But there were other ways of getting the territory. The Californians might revolt against Mexico and set up an independent state. That was the Texas pattern. If the Californians wished to do that, the U.S. would, quite naturally, not be disinterested.

A third possibility lay in the power of the Americans who were already citizens of California and Mexican subjects. If the native Californians lacked the initiative and the courage to revolt, the gringo citizens might seize power and proclaim a government of their own. The U.S. would recognize such a government and would welcome it into the Union.

President Polk needed a man on the scene who could tell him what was going on and advise him when to strike. Who was that man?

President Polk found him in Thomas O. Larkin, whom he appointed U. S. consul to California in 1843. He is the only man in history who has ever occupied such an office.

Secretary of State Buchanan's instructions to Larkin were general, even bland. They were, none the less, unmistakable. For one thing, he wanted it made clear that Washington was in no way stirring up a revolution in

*The Royal Highway. Copyright, 1949, by Edwin Corle. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., Indianapolis, Ind. 351 pp. \$4. California. That was farthest from his thought. But just in case the Californians happened to consider the possibility—admittedly vague but not beyond consideration—of separating themselves from Mexico, the U.S. would be interested and might—just might—assume the role of adviser or even protector.

Also, if Mexico should be so dastardly as to sell California to any foreign powers which might as well remain unmentioned (England and France and Spain and Russia—just to make it plain), the U.S. would prevent such a transaction. It would, if necessary, move in to prevent the territory from suffering such a fate.

Finally, since distance made communication long and arduous and since Thomas O. Larkin was on the scene, the President of the U. S. wished him to know that he had the executive's full confidence and that Thomas O. Larkin's discretion, in the matter of some unprecedented event, would be trusted.

In other words, James K. Polk handed Thomas O. Larkin a signed blank check, All Larkin had to do was write in the words "for California" and the U.S. would not only honor it but fight for it.

Larkin did not get much chance to do anything. President Polk found a way to irritate Mexico into acts of violence along the Rio Grande, and therefore was able to ask Congress for a declaration of war with a straight face. This would not in itself have upset Larkin's whispering campaign for independence. What did upset him was the ambition of another gringo who had the unfortunate gift of always doing the right thing at precisely the wrong time. Then, when it dawned on him that he had made a mistake, his method of correcting it was to make another and even greater error. The name of this bull in the California china shop was John C. Fremont.

John Charles Fremont had had a good education, and at the age of 28, after serving in the West as a second lieutenant with the U.S. Topographical Corps, had the good luck to marry the daughter of Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri. Fremont would doubtless have made a better actor than a politician or statesman or soldier, for he dramatized almost everything he did. He even eloped with Jessie Benton, although there was no strong parental objection to the marriage.

At any rate, Papa Benton got his son-in-law a good job as leader of a couple of western expeditions. These were devoted to scientific interests on the surface, but secretly intended to open the Far West to American influence and to find a way to seize Oregon and California. Thus the lieutenant became a captain, later a colonel, inevitably a general, and finally a candidate for President.

After two scientific and exploratory trips covering much of the West, Fremont made his third journey, starting in 1845, and after many hardships in the Sierra Nevada mountains, he arrived at Sutter's Fort where the Amer-

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ican river runs into the Sacramento.

From a Mexican point of view, Fremont had no right to be in California at all. If a Mexican "scientific and topographical" party had decided to "explore" Missouri at that time, Senator Benton and President Polk would have ordered them to leave or be driven out.

But General José Castro, military commander of California, was civil and even pleasant. He gave Fremont permission to gather his 60 mountaineers, trappers, scientists, engineers, and Delaware Indians at a rancho about a dozen miles south of the town of San Jose. Fremont was supposed to stay here until his men were ready to march. Then, he promised Castro, he would leave California by the southern route, cross Arizona by the Gila River valley and move on east.

Fremont, given an inch, took a yard. After assembling his force near San Jose, he moved on south down the Royal Highway to the ranch of William E. P. Hartnell. Also, he openly boasted that his explorations had opened the way for 10,000 American colonists who would flock into Oregon and California within the next six months.

Castro was alarmed. He decided that Fremont was dangerous, that he might incite the gringos to seize power, and that California would suddenly become an American territory. Fremont must pack up and get out.

Instead of that, Fremont with a refreshed and heavily armed band of 60 men was camped within striking distance of Monterey. On March 5, 1846, Castro sent Fremont a final message. He and his men must leave California at once. If he did not, he would be driven out.

This gave Fremont the opportunity for exactly the kind of dramatics he loved. He marched his force up a hill known as Gavilan Peak, built a crude log fort and raised the American flag. It was open defiance, and it dared Castro to attack. From his vantage point Fremont could see up and down the Royal Highway for many miles, and against an attacking force he had a fine, impregnable position.

Castro's weak forces were marshaled but they didn't have the strength to dislodge Fremont. They could, however, starve him out. This was something that hadn't occurred to this brilliant tactician when he made his childish display of temper.

Fremont sent a note to Larkin full of saber-rattling and dying-at-his-post nonsense. Larkin thought Fremont must have lost his senses. This blundering idiot was alienating the Californians and upsetting all of Larkin's carefully laid plans. Fremont simply couldn't help playing soldier.

After three days of waiting for the attack that never came, Fremont decided that he couldn't stay camped on Gavilan Peak forever with no water and no food. Under cover of darkness he hauled down the American flag and marched his men east, through the coast range and into the San Joaquin Valley. Here he turned north, instead of south toward Arizona where he had said he was going, and by way of

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Sutter's Fort went over the border to Oregon.

On May 8, Fremont received letters from his father-in-law. Exactly what was in the letters has been the subject of many a long discussion. But the contents, said by Fremont to be in a "secret code," caused the senator's sonin-law to do an about-face. He was needed in California. No longer was he merely a leader of a scientific expedition. He was the commander of an armed force whose purpose was to safeguard the lives of Americans anywhere and everywhere. Fremont explained how he felt after reading the "secret code": "I knew distinctly that at last the time had come when England must not get a foothold; that we must be first. I was to act, discreetly but positively."

Fremont's idea of being discreet was to start a revolution. The result was the famous Bear Flag revolt, an incident of trivialities, gaucheries, and alcoholism which was of little real significance to history, but which was a sensation at the time. It brought into existence the stillborn "California Republic."

Since he was now in California as its accredited savior, it wasn't long before Fremont saw to it that something violent and dramatic happened. The first incident was bloodless, but it led inevitably to fighting.

The whole thing was unnecessary, as by this time President Polk had had enough of dillydallying. The war between Mexico and the U.S. was on. Communication being what it was in

1846, nobody in California knew it yet.

Fremont's position was delicate and he was shrewd enough to understand it. First, he believed (he later declared in a court-martial) that England was determined to seize California. Just why he should believe so, he never could make clear. There wasn't a single British soldier or sailor in California, but Fremont felt it necessary to get the gringo settlers to revolt and set up an independent California. He couldn't be their actual leader. He encouraged the revolt verbally and looked the other way politically, for a few days at least. Then the whole thing became so exciting that he could not resist getting in on the fun and again playing soldier.

The only town of any consequence in northern California was Sonoma, a mere hamlet at the northern end of the Royal Highway, but the site of a garrison. There were no soldiers in the garrison, as General Castro had mustered all his men at Monterey. In the town of Sonoma lived Don Mariano Vallejo, a gentleman and a man of wealth and position.

A gang made up of about half of the Fremont expedition marched into Sonoma at dawn, June 14, 1846. Since there was nobody to capture in the garrison, the attackers surrounded the home of Don Mariano Vallejo. Ho was Castro's adjutant in charge of northern California and had a few ancient guns in his house. They demanded his immediate surrender.

Don Mariano Vallejo, finding his house surrounded at dawn by a meanlooking bunch of plug-uglies, called out to them to find out why he was being molested.

The leaders of the force were Ezekiel Merritt, Robert Semple, John Grigsby, William B. Ide, William Knight, and William Todd.

They told Vallejo that he was under arrest and that Sonoma was in the possession of the invading gringos-themselves. And they warned Vallejo that he had better surrender peaceably or it would mean his life. Whereupon Vallejo, far above any of them in manners and morals, exercised an old Spanish custom. Instead of getting excited and bolting the door, thereby giving them a chance to tear down the house or set fire to it, he smilingly said that it was an unusually chilly dawn for June, and wouldn't the leaders like to step inside and discuss the matter with him over a glass of wine or perhaps some brandy?

That sounded good to Messrs. Merritt, Semple and Knight. Those three went inside to receive Vallejo's formal surrender of himself and northern California, while the rest of the mob fingered their guns outside.

The three emissaries had to wait while Vallejo dressed. Formality was his middle name. He carefully put on his uniform, brushed off the dust, combed his side whiskers, and buckled on his sword. Meanwhile a sleepy servant brought brandy and wine to the waiting conquerors.

They sampled the brandy and then the wine, went back to the brandy, and then opened more wine. Vallejo seemed to be taking a long time, but at last he appeared, all smiles, his sword clinking, and apologized for his delay. If only he had known the gentlemen were coming. But at least he hoped the brandy had warmed their hearts. Immediately he called for the servant to bring some more. Hospitality at the last house north of the Royal Highway must not be remiss. Tobacco-juice-spitting Ezekiel Merritt started to speak but belched instead. Sympathetically, Vallejo passed him the brandy.

Outside there were about 35 armed and impatient men. They talked in groups, they glared at the house, they paced back and forth. One solid hour had gone by and the house was silent. Those outside held a conference, and decided to send John Grigsby in to see what was going on.

John Grigsby knocked on the door. After repeated knockings a servant came and let him in. The door closed. The warriors outside sat down or paced back and forth in sullen impatience. Fifteen minutes went by—then twenty—then half an hour. Forty-five minutes after Grigsby's disappearance, William B. Ide decided something odd must be going on inside. Could Vallejo be secretly slaughtering each new guest and waiting for the next victim? Ide decided to find out.

All the rebels gathered round while Ide rapped on the door with the butt of his pistol. This time not even the servant came. Swearing and furious, Ide pushed the door with all his might and almost fell into the house. The

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door had never been locked. He disappeared inside and the door swung shut after him.

Outside the heroes waited.

Inside, Insurrectionist Ide walked cautiously down a wide hall, saw no sign of life, peeked into a parlor, saw nobody, passed on to a room that was Don Vallejo's office. There he came upon a strange sight.

Robert Semple, a giant of a man, six feet eight inches tall, was seated at a table talking to himself as he laboriously tried to write the articles of capitulation on a large sheet of paper.

Ezekiel Merritt was seated at the table across from Semple. His head was in his arms on the table and he was asleep. William Knight lay back sprawled in a chair. He opened one eye, looked at Ide, groaned and closed his eye. John Grigsby was lying on the floor. He was snoring peacefully, unaware that he was still holding a smashed wine glass in one hand. Don Mariano Vallejo was seated, smiling pleasantly, and smoking a cigar. A servant was just removing his breakfast dishes.

"The victors," explained Vallejo, with Spanish warmth and wit, "are preparing the articles of capitulation for me to sign. Naturally I shall be most happy to do so as soon as I read them over. I don't believe we have met. I am Mariano Vallejo. Would you care for a glass of brandy?"

"No, I don't want no brandy and I better finish this here writin'," said Ide. He took Semple's place at the table. He was able to read the early

chapters of Semple's document, but in the later chapters something seemed to have gone wrong with the handwriting. Ide made what he could of it, and using words such as abrogate which he spelled "abbergate," and ordnance which was close enough as "ordinanse." Then he handed the document to Vallejo.

Carefuly placing his cigar in an ash tray, Vallejo started to read the articles. About halfway through he smiled and said, "I must apologize. I cannot read English. But I am happy to sign this remarkable document none the less. Would you pass me the pen and ink?"

Ide handed him the pen and the bottle of ink and Vallejo signed the paper which made him a prisoner and turned over all military supplies in Sonoma to the Americans. Also the Californians agreed to submit to a new republican government to be formed by the Americans and to take up no arms against it. In return, the document granted protection of their property and the safety of their lives to the Californians.

Ide carried the document outside and read it aloud to the revolutionists. While he was doing this, Merritt, Knight, Semple, and Grigsby staggered out of the house.

When Ide finished reading the capitulation proclamation, he added that California was no longer "greaser" country and a new government had to be formed at once.

Ide, drunk with power instead of liquor, made another speech and insisted that the first act of the new government was to raise its flag. Since the revolt was a purely local uprising and the new government was not that of the U.S., but that of itself, it needed its own flag.

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William Todd, who was a nephew of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, was the only artist in the company. He was appointed the Betsy Ross of the movement, and he designed and made the flag.

Some stories say he demanded one of Dona Francisca's petticoats, others say he used an old flour sack, and still others hold that he obtained a piece of unbleached cotton cloth, five feet by three. In the upper left corner he painted a five-pointed star in red. Across the bottom of the flag was a band of red. At the top center, and facing the star, Todd painted what he was pleased to call a bear. The Californians all thought it was a pig, but Todd insisted that it was a grizzly. When asked why, Todd explained that the bear was the strongest animal in California, and that "a bear always stands his ground." All this art work was done on the Vallejo lawn, and as the breeze flapped the cotton about, Todd called upon the aid of a small boy to hold the ends down while he worked. Carefully Todd painted in under the star and bear the words "California Republic." In his haste to get the job done, he left the "i" out of Republic and had to do the last three letters over again. This confused his spacing somewhat, but still there was no mistaking the intent.

At last the flag was completed. Todd surveyed it with satisfaction. "There we are, son," he said to the boy who had held the cotton from flapping. "You've taken part in one of the greatest events in the history of California. You'll remember it all your life. What's your name, sonny?"

"I am the son of Mariano Vallejo," said the boy with some irony, and went back into his house.

The Mexican flag was hauled down from the small garrison and the Bear Flag went up. The Republic of California was proclaimed. It was about noon on June 14, 1846.

The next move was to form a government. Ide was automatically "president" although nothing much could be done except to draw up a broad statement of the policies of the new republic which in good time would be incorporated into a formal constitution.

So far, the whole revolution had been bloodless, but that condition lasted only another 24 hours. Native Californians were justly indignant over the California Republic. When a band of vaqueros ran into two gringos (who had nothing to do with revolt), there was shooting, and the Americans were captured and shot. Their names were Cowie and Fowler and they have a forgotten place in history as the first casualties of the Bear Flag revolt. That kind of thing led quickly to a reprisal and more bloodshed. "Soldiers" of the Bear Flag captured an old man and his two sons who had rowed across the Golden Gate from the San Francisco side. When they were unable to give a quick explanation for their presence, the Bear Flag men murdered them. That made a total of five deaths of innocent citizens, none of whom had had any part in the revolt.

Fremont, delighted at the success of the revolution, now came forward and assumed military command of the forces of the California Republic. He galloped here and there, and doubtless considered himself the George Washington of northern California. He made a night attack on the presidio at San Francisco only to find it abandoned. The cannon were rusted and useless, but Fremont had them spiked anyway so that their oxidized might would never be turned on the California Republic.

General José Castro sent an expedition to attack and seize Sonoma and bring the Bear-flaggers to their knees. This expedition crossed the Golden Gate and met the Americans near San Rafael. Fremont's men fired first, killing a Californian (some historians say two), and immediately Castro's force, commanded by Joaquin de la Torre, fled in panic. Fremont's men pursued them to the north shore of the Golden Gate, but they escaped across the narrow neck of water to safety. It was another great victory for Fremont. The whole revolution was now his party. He issued a directive declaring all of California independent of Mexico and under martial law with himself as the ultimate authority.

Then, on July 9, a messenger

reached Fremont at Sonoma with the news that the U.S. had been at war with Mexico since May 13. The whole Bear Flag revolt had been unnecessary.

Commodore John D. Sloat, with a strong naval force, had seized and occupied Monterey. General Stephen W. Kearny, in command of the "Army of the West," was marching overland and would take San Diego and then turn north. Fremont was to organize a force to move south and meet Kearny, thereby seizing all of California.

Incidentally, the courier wished to know, what was that curious flag flying over Sonoma? The courier was Lieut. Joseph Warren Revere of the U. S. S. Cyane, and he had orders from Commodore Sloat to raise the American flag over Sonoma. Lieutenant Revere cared not a hoot whether Fremont outranked him or not—get that thing down!

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And so, on July 9, 1846, Fremont struck the Bear Flag at Sonoma, the only place it had ever flown. Immediately, on the same staff, Lieutenant Revere raised the Stars and Stripes.

Thus, on the 25th day of its existence, the California Republic came to an end. The movement has gained color and romantic tradition during the hundred and more years since its brief life.

The first Bear Flag was preserved, but unfortunately was taken to San Francisco and was lost in the great fire of 1906. Californians are proud of the Bear Flag; it is the state's official emblem and must be flown over all state buildings.



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Modern football got its start 36 years ago

The First Forward Pass

By DAN RYAN

Condensed from the

HARLES EMILE (Gus) DORAIS is the first man known to have thrown the forward pass as it is used in modern football. It happened in 1910 on the campus of a highly obscure western university called Notre Dame, where Dorais and Knute Rockne were freshman football candidates. The forward pass was then four years old. It was risky and clumsy, thrown underhanded end over end, and later as a spiral, It was always earmarked "For Emergency Use Only!"

Dorais, who had been a baseball pitcher for Chippewa Falls high school in Wisconsin, wondered why a football couldn't be thrown overhand. He did it successfully several times and urged the maneuver on the coach. The coach doubted its effectiveness as an accurate weapon, especially when the ball was wet. So Dorais soaked the ball in a water bucket and worked his experiment again.

The throw was used in Notre Dame games before 1913 but, Notre Dame was playing obscure teams and nobody paid much attention to it. Dorais, the nimble "revolutionary" passer, and

Rockne, the sprinting and equally "revolutionary" receiver, continued working on the experiment. They used a rhythmic count, and perfected the pass in the summer of 1913 at Cedar Point, where both were lifeguards with leisure time.

On Nov. 1, 1913, Notre Dame played Army, one of the East's great powers—and completing 14 of 17 passes, beat Army 35 to 13!

Sportswriters were shocked at this upset by an upstart school from the West, and bemoaned what was happening to their grunt-and-groan game of football. Notre Dame's Ramblers were on their way at last. In 1913, Dorais was All-American quarterback.

Gus Dorais is now 57, owner of an auto agency, a respected expert in professional football circles, and the father of four children. He still carries his old playing dimensions, scaling 150 pounds and standing 5' 9". He has blue eyes, gray hair and a soft-spoken, composed manner.

Fans whose hearts pound at the wide-open, modern game of football owe a prayer of thanks to Gus Dorais.

*Chancery Building, Cathedral Square, 1027 Superior Ave., N. E., Cleveland, 14, Obio.
Sept. 16, 1949.

Chiang Kai = Shek: A Patriot Departs

By GEORGE MOORAD Condensed chapter of a book*

IN THE crucial year 1941, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek of China, chased to the hills of Szechwan while America sat on the sidelines and Britain closed the Burma road, said, "You think it is important that I have kept the Japanese from expanding in these years but I tell you it is more important that I have kept the communists from spreading. The Japanese are a disease of the skin; the communists are a disease of the heart."

In the end, the communists defeated him. Faced by continually increasing enemies who were well armed, supplied, and organized by the Russians, Chiang's crack divisions in the long Manchurian corridor were starved and chopped to pieces, and the great Nationalist fell. In late January, 1949, all hope was gone. Peiping, Tientsin, and North China had surrendered almost bloodlessly, and the victorious Red columns were perched on the Yangtze within easy shelling distance of Nanking's heart. Chiang changed his familiar khaki uniform for the long blue gown and black jacket of the Chinese gentleman, turned over his

bankrupt office to Vice-President Li Tsung-jen, and flew to his native village of Fenghua. He announced to his frightened cabinet that he was retiring voluntarily so that they could make peace with the communists more easily. The communists could not possibly make a peace with Chiang, but without him the backbone had gone out of Chinese nationalism. Even the wisdom of allowing the generalissimo to remain alive seems doubtful to the communists. Perhaps, like the exiled and murdered Leon Trotsky, he will have to be disposed of. Chiang Kaishek, to the communists at least, is indeed a great man.

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Chiang Kai-shek came to manhood in the expiring hours of the rotting Manchu dynasty. The once wise and respected Middle Kingdom had first fallen into the hands of the Manchus, and then became the hostage of machine-building barbarians, who peddled opium and fought with each other about what pieces of China they would swallow. Russia, Germany, France, Britain, and even Portugal had gnawed off bits and spheres of influence,

^{*}Lost Peace in China. Copyright, 1949, by George Moorad. Reprinted by permission of E. P.

70 Dutton & Co., Inc., 286-302 4th Ave., New York City. 262 pp. \$3.

wnen the U.S. stepped in with the declaration of the Open Door. One last humiliation was a defeat at the hands of the Japanese, the "dwarfs of the Eastern sea."

For ten years the generalissimo devoted more than half of his national budget and uncounted lives to his campaign against communism, but by the time Japan struck he had succeeded only in chasing the Reds from Kiangsi into Shensi province, in the northwest, where they were conveniently perched for their union with Russia and a descent upon Manchuria. The communists seemed to represent the only force that Chiang could not conquer nor absorb. By a blend of compromise, shrewd generosity, and a quick knife, he drew a confusing patchwork of war lords, opium gangsters, intellectuals, and workers into union. His conniving with all the heterogeneous forces of China drew both fear and praise from the Japanese.

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In December, 1936, Chiang was kidnaped at Sian by a combination of war-lord and communist leaders who believed that the generalissimo's superhuman patience with the Japanese was traitorous. Unarmed, badly injured in a fall while trying to escape, Chiang coldly dared them to shoot him. He refused to talk with them for three days while he stolidly read his Bible, and then gave them a tonguelashing. Not only did the kidnapers agree to spare his life merely on his promise to lead the Chinese into battle, but he returned with his chief captor, Young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, as

a voluntary captive. Awed and frightened, the Young Marshal declared, "I am by nature rustic, surly, and unpolished, due to which I have created an impudent and law-breaking incident. Blushing with shame, I have followed you to the capital in order to receive from you appropriate punishment. Whatever is best for the state, I will not evade, if I have to die 10,000 deaths."

The generalissimo's exquisite sense of timing led him to announce that he was resigning all his posts. "I am failing in both mind and body," he explained.

His twice-repeated resignations were overwhelmingly refused, and Chiang returned to leadership with the adoration of Chinese who had never dreamed of patriotism before. Six months later, the Japanese drove into Peiping, and from July, 1937, until the end of the Pacific war the communists, Chinese or Russian, made not a single personal attack upon the man who was undisputedly China's national leader.

There is a livid hatred between Chiang Kai-shek and Stalin, although they have never met. In Russia it is said that when Marshal Stalin conceives a slight, it is already time to order flowers for his victim. He held many grudges against Chiang: the rupture of the first revolution, and then a series of secret negotiations in which the Chinese never came off second best. In 1937, trying to check Japan, Stalin contributed munitions and piloted warplanes, and offered

Chiang a military treaty according to which Russia would give no aid to the Chinese communists if Chiang would agree not to make an anti-communist pact with any power. At the same time, however, Stalin was trying to breach Inner Mongolia and dig more deeply into Chinese Turkestan. Chiang gracefully accepted Russian help, refused the treaty, and, when Stalin was nearly down and out at Stalingrad, the Chinese turned and chased the Russians out of Turkestan, using Soviet-donated equipment for the job.

It is fascinating to speculate what this frail strategist might have accomplished with his hated enemy if he had been able to bargain as an equal at any of the Big Three meetings. Chiang had all of Stalin's cunning, more than his stubbornness and courage, and a genius for compromise which often made his victories look like acts of generosity. And he kept his word. Stalin could not rest until Trotsky had an ice pick in his head in his Mexican retreat. Chiang forgave the man who kidnaped and nearly killed him; through the years he treated the Young Marshal as a stern parent might. Other rivals, like Gen. Chen Chi-tang, of Canton, and the scabrous Feng Yu-hsiang, he pensioned off and let go abroad to intrigue against him, while still others, like Marshals Pai Chung-hsi and Li Tsung-jen, became his chief assistants. Chiang spared the famous rebel scholar, Dr. Hu Shih, once slated for assassination, who lived to become ambassador to the U.S.

The course of history might have been changed if Chiang Kai-shek had been present at Teheran or Yalta (Stalin objected because Russia still had a legal friendship treaty with the Japanese), where the vital dispositions of Far-Eastern territories were made. However, Chiang made the best of a bad bargain by gambling a part-Soviet control over Manchuria-already promised without his knowledge-in exchange for treaty guarantees by the Big Three. And here was his fatal miscalculation: that the U.S. would not break its pledges and throw down its precious stake in Asia. He could not believe, along with many others, that the U.S. Pacific victory, which cost 118,000 American lives and \$158 billion could be so lightly surrendered. But it was.

The only reason that has been officially advanced for allowing China to go down is that Chiang Kai-shek and his government were not democratic. This is absolutely true. China has never claimed to be a democracy, but she has been trying to work in that direction up and down the line: educating students in Britain and the U.S., using western advisers, trying to obtain foreign trade, and encouraging and assisting Christian missionaries, schools, and hospitals. However slight her progress toward democracy has been, it was the precise opposite of what the Chinese communists intend: an Iron Curtain that will forever seal them from the West.

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little known, whether good or bad. His youth was hard and poor, lightened only by a widowed mother's faith and sacrifice for his career. He was a good son, and his mother lived to share the comfort of success. In his hard years as a forgotten soldier, a shabby broker's clerk in Shanghai, he regularly remitted money to her, and in the good days he paid regular visits to her little home in Fenghua. Immediately on his "voluntary retirement" he went to her tomb, Chinese fashion, to bow to her spirit and meditate alone.

His mother was disturbed and the scandalmongers delighted when the generalissimo put aside the mother of his two sons, a simple village girl, to marry the glamorous and wealthy Soong Mei-ling.

There is no indication that Chiang took his conversion-a condition for entering the Methodist Soong family -lightly. On the contrary, he became ascetic. He neither smokes nor drinks, and the inevitable gossip about him roused his almost Jovian wrath. Once, the story got around Chungking that during Madame Chiang's absence in America he had been trifling with a young nurse who cooked his plain native food. The generalissimo summoned cabinet ministers, missionaries, and two correspondents while he proclaimed, in Madame Chiang's presence, his Christian love and complete monogamy.

The figure of Christ captivated the imagination of this vital Asiatic; perhaps it gave him the courage and sincerity which so awed his captors at

Sian. As Chiang later recounted, "On every hand I was beset by danger—threats of torture and with public trial by the 'People's Courts'—but I had not a thought of yielding."

As for the charges of corruption in his government—notably not against the person of Chiang Kai-shek but rather "the men around him"-a distinction between East and West must be made. Graft is the curse of Asiatic society, but if Stalin has been unable to shoot it out of Soviet Russia, it is quite unreasonable to expect the weak Chinese to hold off invaders with one hand and clean up their Augean stables with the other. In view of his uphill struggle for Chinese independence, it can hardly be argued that Chiang sought profit for himself or willfully allowed corruption to thrive around him. Had he been less of an honest patriot, then he would have been purchased by the Japanese or by the Russians, who buy their tools with tempting bribes of power if not with money.

The passing of Chiang Kai-shek is, for a little time, a night for Chinese nationalism. To the Chinese people it means that their long struggle with Japan was meaningless. Like the enslaved Poles, the Chinese would probably have suffered less as enemy satellites than as allies of the West.

As for America, whether we approved of Chiang Kai-shek or not, we did not hedge our bets with any other policy. Our chips were laid entirely on Chiang, and as he departs so goes our hard-won stake in China.

Faith Over Fear

By GENE TUNNEY

was one scared

Condensed from Guideposts*

young man on the morning of the New Year in 1920. That afternoon I was scheduled to box a tough veteran named Whitey Allen, a cagy and very experienced fighter.

It was one of my first bouts since returning from France where I had served as a Marine

in World War I. I was still wet behind the ears in the professional fighting sense. My fear was one I'd had all my life. I was afraid of professionals.

I can remember praying that morning fervently and humbly. I prayed that in the fight that afternoon I might not be permanently injured when I was knocked out. I didn't ask that I might win. I took it for granted that I'd be knocked out and I was terribly afraid of being hurt for life.

The prize ring is a rather terrifying place when you think about it. You're up on a raised platform which is a glare of light. All around you is the dim expanse of the crowd. You see



faces twisted with frantic excitement, the lust for battle — gloating, savage mouths open with yelling. And to every fighter comes some time the supreme horror of being helpless to raise his hands against blows showered on him.

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But when I prayed that I might not be permanently injured, I

grew confident that I wouldn't be. This took the edge off mad, irrational fear. If it hadn't been for this confidence I gained from prayer, I imagine that I'd have gone into the ring inwardly shaking and quaking, thoroughly beaten in advance.

As it was, I climbed into the ring that day with enough courage to go through a normal fight. In the second round I suddenly realized how groundless my fears had been. My opponent was no superman. I went on to win the fight.

I had scored one victory over fear. But years later faintness of heart nearly kept me from the championship.

*Edited by Norman Vincent Peale, published at \$1.95 by Prentice-Hall, Inc., 70 5th Ave., New York, 11, N. Y., and Guideposts, a monthly magazine published by Guideposts Asso-74 ciates, Inc., Pawling, N. Y. Copyright, 1947, by Guideposts Associates, Inc. Before my title bout with him, Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler, was an overwhelming favorite to thump me out in an early round. Newspapers talked of what a murderous lacing he would give me.

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One night at the beginning of my long training period I awakened suddenly and felt my bed shaking. It seemed fantastic. Ghosts or what? Then I understood. It was I who was shaking, trembling so hard that I made the bed tremble.

I was that much afraid of what Dempsey would do to me. Fear was lurking in the back of my mind and had me quaking in my sleep, the nightmare thought of myself being beaten down by Dempsey's shattering punches.

The vision was of myself, bleeding, mauled, helpless, sinking to the canvas and being counted out. I couldn't stop trembling. Right there I had already lost the ring match that meant everything to me.

I got up and took stock of myself. What could I do about this terror? I could guess the cause. I had been thinking about the fight in the wrong way. I had been reading the newspapers and they had all said that Tunney would lose. Through the newspapers I was losing the battle in my own mind.

Part of the solution was obvious. Stop reading the papers. Stop thinking of the Dempsey menace, Jack's killing punch and ferocity of attack. I simply had to close the doors of my mind to destructive thoughts, divert

my thinking to other things. It took discipline. And prayer.

This was the right medicine. I went out and beat Dempsey in two straight fights. And the one moment when I was closest to defeat—I had been knocked to the canvas for a count of nine—produced the most humorous touch.

Father Francis Duffy, the great World War I chaplain of the Fighting 69th and a close friend of mine, was at the fight. Sitting behind him was a very demonstrative young man. When I was lying dazed on the canvas, this young fellow went wild with excitement, and noticing that Father Duffy, sitting in front of him, was a priest, pounded him violently on the back.

"Father, Father, pray for Gene!"

Father Duffy told me afterward that he instinctively began to pray, not that I would win, of course, but that I would do my best. Right, Father! That's the prayer of a sportsman.

I wonder how many millions of people face similar fears in their own lives. From my experience in two world wars I can also say that fear is the dominant emotion of a soldier. He fights his terror, dwells on it and it only increases. But how to get one's mind off fear?

You can pray away your terrors, if you have enough faith. You can become spiritually exalted instead of afraid. I speak only of the practical necessity of faith and prayer, because that's the part I know the most about; I know it from experience. I speak as one to whom religious belief has been a lifelong resource, and this in a life given largely to-a career of fighting. I know faith and prayer as creative forces for courage. These personal experiences have made me value the belief, the traditional worship of the Church in which I was reared. They also made me more hostile to the dark antireligious forces that would destroy the wonder of the faith of ages.

I recall a beautiful expression of John McCormack, the great lyric master of song. During my visit to Ireland I had an opportunity to see a great deal of him. His favorite expression, striking, characteristic, was a good-by.

"May God keep you in the palm of His hand," he would say with all the melody of an Irish brogue. In it was all the folklore flavor of Irish mysticism, a sense of intimacy with the Divine, of enjoying the friendship of God. An expression, too, of simple faith in the goodly order of the universe.

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This Struck Me

HILE meditating on a passage from Light Your Lamps* by Fulton 1. Sheen, I recalled a lesson learned many years ago, namely, material things can never, of themselves, make one happy; happiness must come from within. It behooves those of us who are parents, teachers, or leaders of any group to do a little spiritual bookkeeping now and then to decipher how whole, wholesome, and holy we are making our own lives.

The only place that communism ever works is in a convent or a monastery where all the Religious speak of "our cell," "our books." Such a community of goods has been built up without liquidation and concentration camps because the revolution took place first in their own souls. The early Christians shared

their goods because they all possessed the Holy Spirit of Love.

It would do no good to have a new system of economics unless you had new economists; no good to have a new legal theory, unless you had new lawyers. The new man of the Gospel must be a converted man with a change of soul, seeking never his own. Then he can begin to change the world, and if he is not interested in changing the world after he has been converted, then it means that he was never converted at all. St. Paul brought not hate, but good news; he announced not a distant future dream, but a realized present, namely, a changed man, and proclaimed for all subsequent history the sublime notion that communism is not revolutionary enough; it still leaves hate in the soul of man.

*Eleven Catholic Hour addresses. 1947. Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. 404.

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Colors Go Together in a Woman's Club

By MARY JANE DUTTON

IX WOMEN met in a home one evening more than four years ago, three of us Negro, three white. The six women were joined by a priest, the white pastor of St. Augustine's Catholic church. We met to discuss the formation of an interracial Catholic study club. The colored women brought what one of them later described as "a certain amount of apprehension and a great deal of reserve." The white women brought a somewhat nervous desire to be gracious and an even more nervous fear of being distastefully overgracious. All of us brought blundering good will and a sincere determination to do something about racial understanding.

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Blessed Martin de Porres, whom our chaplain invoked at the opening of our meeting, accepted these awkward gifts and handed us in return a totally unexpected boon. It was the gift of laughter. We all had a perfectly wonderful time. Our first stiffness was wafted off on gales of laughter, never to return. Blessed Martin gave us our chaplain, too, we think. We don't know how we should have fared without Father Vincent C. Thilman, of the Congregation of the Holy

Cross. So well does he fit in the group that we forget his presence when he is there, but we can never forget him when he is absent.

Our proposed club was definitely an experiment. Even Ann Harrigan (now Mrs. Nicholas Makletzoff) who was then head of the Chicago Friendship house, said that she had never heard of just such a group. Because it was an experiment, we hesitated to organize on a formal scale right at first, Rather casually, we chose a president and a secretary, but we did not give ourselves a formal name. We dubbed the group "The Ancient Females' Catholic club." That gives an idea of our formality that night. The name embodied our only qualifications for membership. We decided to have members of about our own age: all of us are fortyish, or somewhat to leeward. It was to be for women, Catholic women. These were the only restrictions.

After a couple of meetings, when new members were added, and the club seemed here to stay, we decided to call it the Blessed Martin de Porres Discussion club. Father Thilman pointed out that Martin's Dominican

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habit was, appropriately, black and white. We also decided that the membership should be half colored, half white, with the officers alternating—a white president and a colored secretary-treasurer one year, vice versa the next. Modest dues of ten cents a meeting were agreed upon to cover the cost of study material. Occasionally it is necessary to levy an extra fee for special events, but we try to keep our finances simple, and we never undertake money-raising projects.

Meetings are held every other Friday evening in the home of a member. That is the first question always asked us. "Where do you meet? Do the white women go to colored homes? Do the colored women go to white homes?" Of course. That is one purpose of the club. That is doing something. All of our neighbors, Negro and white, still speak to us. No vigilance committees have called; our homes have not fallen in.

Our study material is religious because, you see, we are not meeting to discuss race. Other round tables and forums do this most laudably. But we had had enough of talk. We wanted to show that an interracial group can meet together socially, in their homes, not only on neutral ground such as a YMCA or Catholic social center. We wanted to meet and discuss common interests, just as white women, or colored women, have been meeting for years-separately. We study religion because it is a Catholic club, but the subject in a group whose members were not all of one religion might be child care, or art, or canasta playing. Incidentally, of course, we have deepened our understanding of each other's outlook and special problems. Discussions on race, stories of injustices, came up frequently during the first year. Since then they have tapered off so as to be negligible. Meantime, the white members have had their eyes opened as to how injustice works, often in sly ways, in our northern Indiana community. The Negro members have been able to blow off considerable wholesome steam. Now that we know each other, we think of each other as persons, not members of a race. Katie's faults are just Katie's faults, not those of a white woman. Jane may get on our nerves just because of her ways, not because she is colored.

The membership is kept small to allow general discussion, but we no longer try to maintain a rigid balance of color, either there or on committees, as we did at first. It does not seem too important any more. At present there are eight white and nine Negro members. We have studied the sacramentals, the moral virtues, and the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and we are now on the life of Christ. A commentary on the Mass for the following Sunday is given by our chaplain. We close the formal part of the meeting by reciting Compline, and in Lent we sometimes attend the Stations of the Cross at St. Augustine's before the meeting. Our program is flexible and often exciting.

Two days of recollection are held each year, usually to celebrate the feast of our patron, on Nov. 5, and the anni-

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versary of our own founding, on June 10. There are other special events for our husbands and friends. One of the most successful was a Communion breakfast with all members and friends of St. Augustine's parish invited. Father Martin A. Porter, of the Fathers of the Sacred Heart, celebrated the Mass and spoke at the breakfast, We had an overflow crowd. The rolls gave out and the coffee was watered. But everyone had a wonderful time. And we do not often have the opportunity to receive Holy Communion from the hands of a fine young Negro priest.

A summer picnic for members and their children is an annual and growing event (this year we had 50 feasters!). We have been visited and addressed by Ann Harrigan Makletzoff (who moved us to tears, and greater efforts toward spirituality), Father George Lux, O.P., Miss Margaret Brooks of the Blessed Martin de Porres Center in Chicago, Father Gerald Vann, O.P. and numerous distinguished members of the faculty from near-by Notre Dame university and St. Mary's college. Every year, some of the Sisters are guests at a special meeting, and Sister M. Madeleva, C.S.C., president of the college, has entertained us at a delightful Christmas party. Miss Dora Sommerville, of the Sheil School of Social Service in Chicago, was our guest at a tea to which we invited many of our non-Catholic friends, so that they could share our pride in this able and charming young Negro social worker. And

we have had three stork showers! Here our chaplain was put through the acid test. He had preserved his unruffled good nature among a group of chattering women, meeting after meeting. His sincerity, zeal, and humility, cloaked under a rare sense of humor and an infectious laugh, had smoothed over many a small disgruntlement or misunderstanding. (For of course everything is not always serene. But we know that we fuss because we are women, not because we are white or colored.) Father Thilman through the stork showers with perfect aplomb. No man could do more!

One important feature I have not yet mentioned. Food! Other religious organizations may minimize food in favor of the higher things. But we eat with the zest of adolescents and the appreciation of gourmets. And we are unashamed. Doesn't one of the maxims of interracial relations insist that to break bread together is the ultimate sign of equality? How much more complete, we tell ourselves, is the equality of those who consume shrimp creole, fudge cake, exotic salads, Hungarian kieflies and pizza pie! Only on our days of recollection do we limit ourselves to an ascetic roll and cup of coffee.

At the outset, even some of our most apostolic-minded friends wagged their heads and darkly prophesied failure. Their pessimism was based on the fact of our varied stations in life, our widely diverse educational backgrounds. Some of us finished high school, some didn't. Quite a number

are college graduates; we even have a couple of M.A.'s. All are married. And our husbands include college professors, factory workers, a doctor, a lawver, waiters, farmers, writers, musicians, office workers, a garage mechanic, Among our members are those who work, or have worked, as teachers, nurses, social workers, writers, musicians, domestic helpers, cateresses, newspaper women, secretaries. And if your mind is full of a lot of old prejudices, don't you try to put us in pigeonholes. There is a Master's degree held by one in each race, a nurse from each race, the doctor's wife is colored and -what does it matter, anyway?

Why were the prophets of gloom wrong? The answer lies, we think, not in our parlors, where we feast in abundant equality, but at the white altar rail of St. Augustine's church, where we all receive Communion together.

The club has now entered its fifth year. Definitely it is not a failure. We dare to think that it could be called a success. Interest is keen and attendance is good. No one has ever relinquished her membership, and the list of those who clamor to come as guests is a long and constantly increasing one.

About two years ago a group of younger women in our city formed another Blessed Martin de Porres club which operates along the same general lines as ours. This group now includes 12 members. We are proud to feel that we are at least partly responsible for its coming into existence. We have dreams of Blessed Martin de Porres clubs in other communities. We pray that there will, in years to come, be hundreds. And we pray that we shall still be one of them.

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We Don't Eat White Meat Either

GENERAL DE CHAMBRUN used to tell this story about the first impact of Christianity upon the natives of the French Congo. One of the Fathers was making good progress with his conversions and felt particularly happy over the two sons of a chief. They seemed well on the way to becoming exemplary Christians. For some months he had to be away. When he got back he heard to his disappointment that these young men had in the short interval forgotten his teaching and had relapsed into their cannibal practices. He called them and asked if what he had heard were true.

"No, Father, what you have been told is not true. We did return for a while to our tribe while they were fighting their enemies. Some of them were killed and were being roasted. The smell was delicious and the temptation great, but as it was Friday we abstained." London Catholic Herald (22 July '49).

What Every Family Should Know

By WALTER LE BEAU

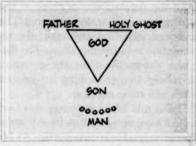
HEN I was in the seminary one of my teachers gave me a good bit of advice. He said, "Out in the world, do not preach moral all the time. For heaven's sake, don't scold! Preach dogma!" Since I liked dogmatic theology better than moral theology, this was right down my alley. I decided the first doctrine the people should know well was the doctrine of the mystical Body. I carefully laid out a series of sermons. I delivered each sermon with feeling-even throwing in a few gestures. But the people went to sleep on me. By the end of a year, I was scolding them right and left. They still slept, but not so restfully.

Just about the time I was getting indifferent myself on the whole matter, what does the bishop do but send me to our diocesan college to teach religion. Dogma was my subject! The same doctrine of the mystical Body was challenging my budding pedagogical powers. But there was this difference. Behind me stood a long, clean blackboard and plenty of chalk.

At that time, I used to doodle. It helped me to think. After any hour's

lecture the blackboard was likely to be covered with a weird assortment of circles, triangles, arrows, stars, and lines running in all directions. To anyone entering the room after class I am sure it must have looked as mysterious as the handwriting on the wall did to King Baltassar. But for myself and my students, a diagram of the mystical Body actually came out of it, I was as surprised as anyone.

We begin by drawing a triangle. From childhood we have known that



this is the best way to show God and the Trinity. Below the triangle we place man.

God and man are the principal actors on the stage of the world. Life is

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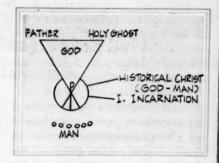
a play, and in every act God and man appear. In the drama of redemption, as we will show it, let six represent the human race. We can sit back and watch them, knowing that what happens to them happens to us.

The first tragedy of earth was played by Adam in the garden of Eden. We call it the fall. It is the pattern of all tragedy, since tragedy is concerned with failure or deep loss. Adam suffered both. And what he lost was priceless. Sometimes, we call it sanctifying grace. Other times, we call it the friendship of God, even God Himself. At any rate, Adam got himself promptly thrown out of the garden, and all of us with him.

I believe the simplest way to think of the stall is in terms of separation. And the simplest way to think of the redemption is in terms of union. The fall separated God and man; the redemption must reunite them. The diagram shows them, at the moment, separated. As we develop it God and man will come together.

I was told in the seminary that God could have redeemed us in any number of ways. He is omnipotent. As He created us by a word; so He could have redeemed us by a word. But He chose to be more dramatic about it. He would send His only-begotten Son to redeem us by making Him Man. The Son's coming in the fullness of time was the first act in the drama of redemption. It is called the incarnation.

We show the fact of the incarnation in the diagram by extending the left line of the triangle, extending similar-



ly the right line, then dropping the upper line and putting a half circle on the top of it. What we get out of this is the familiar X. I am sure you have seen this symbol often, on missal and prayerbook covers, on tabernacle doors, and elsewhere. It is the first two letters in Greek (XP) of our Lord's name, Christ. In English this is Ch-r.

Around the * we draw a circle. But it is a broken circle. As you can see, it does not cut across the point of the triangle, but stops at the sides. I think this shows pretty well the essential truth of the mystery of the incarnation. The truth is that when the Son of God became as truly a man as any one of us He did not cease to be God. He remains the second point of the triangle. The circle, if you wish, represents His humanity. But notice how the point of the triangle penetrates the circle. The whole circle, therefore, is not Christ as Man only, but Christ as God-Man.

We label the circle the historical Christ. By this we mean the Christ of history, whom you read about principally in the four Gospels. In many nber

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ways our Lord was like other men. He was born, lived, and died at a definite time and in a definite place, as did Caesar, Charlemagne, Washington. But where Christ differs from other men of history is in this: after He died He arose from the dead. It is true He later ascended into heaven. but He continues on, nevertheless, on earth. Caesar, Charlemagne, and Washington were great men. Their influence was felt for many centuries. But when they died they disappeared from the face of the earth. Not so Christ. But you have to wait a while to understand how He continues on earth.

The drama of redemption is now in full swing. Act I is finished. The events of Bethlehem, which even little children know, have all been played. Yet, as the diagram shows, God and man are still separated.

This is where Catholics differ widely from some Protestant branches of Christianity. They say that Christ's coming into the world did everything. The redemption, they claim, was complete at that moment, that all we have to do is believe that He came, and we are saved.

It seems to me, if this were true, that our Lord could have saved Himself a lot of trouble. If His coming was all that was necessary, why did He suffer Judas' betrayal, the humiliation of a fixed trial, and the crucifixion?

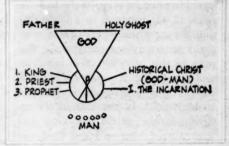
God created us free. You will admit before this is over that Christ plays the biggest part in the drama of redemption. So much so that it is almost a monologue. But because we are free, Christ leaves some part for us to play.

We may have as little to do as walk out on the stage and speak one line. But when our turns come we must play our parts. So far, in the diagram, Christ is the sole actor. The six men are waiting their turn.

For almost 30 years the curtain drops on the drama of redemption. It is raised briefly to give us a glimpse of the Redeemer at the age of 12. He is in the temple teaching the doctors of the law and other learned men. Mary and Joseph, as any anxious parents would, are combing Jerusalem for their lost Child. They find Him, and the curtain drops. When it is raised again our Lord is a young man.

He begins His public ministry. But during those three years of the drama of redemption our Lord was cast in a multiple role. He played the part of a king, a priest, and a prophet. This means He came as ruler, sanctifier, and teacher. We add the threefold office of Christ to the diagram.

Christ showed us plainly that He



was King. He gave us a new law, which is what a king is supposed to do. But unlike modern lawmakers, who require volumes, Christ needed only five words to promulgate His law: Love God! Love your neighbor! The rest He gave us in example and leadership.

It is the duty of a ruler to lead his subjects to their proper end. You may condemn Stalin for many things. You may not agree that the Russian people are seeking world domination. But if it is world domination they are aiming at, you will admit Stalin is effectively leading them to it.

Like any king or leader, therefore, Christ is concerned with leading us to an end, to our last end. How often He said, "Follow Me! That where I go you may come after Me!"

Our Lord made it equally clear that He was a priest. He gave us, besides, the true meaning of the priesthood. To be a priest is to be a mediator. It is to be a link between God and man.

Christ is perfect Priest, because He is perfect mediator. I am sure you will agree that a mediator, to be effective, must be able to represent equally well both parties between whom he mediates. He must be sympathetic to both sides. If, for instance, in a labor dispute the appointed mediator is in sympathy with only one party to the dispute, be that party capital or labor, he will not get far. A new mediator will be quickly appointed who is agreeable to both sides. In the case of the redemption the parties are God and man. Christ, because He is God, can

certainly represent God. Because He is Man He can represent man, and be in full sympathy with us.

Christ is perfect Priest, also, because He is a perfect link between God and man. Who else can unite God and man, join heaven and earth, as well as One who is both God and Man, in heaven and on earth at the same time? Thus we have it:

GOD.......GOD-MAN.....man (in heaven) (Christ) (on earth)

We can touch Christ because He is Man. We have something in common with Him: our humanity. But the instant we touch Him as Man we touch Him as God. God and Man are one in Him. But He is one with God, so we touch God.

It is impossible to imagine a more perfect priest than the One we have in Christ. And, as we shall see later, it is *only* through Him that we can go to God, and God will come to us.

Christ was Prophet, a teacher. If you read the New Testament this is one thing you will know about Christ without having it pointed out to you. You will see Him on almost every page teaching His Apostles and the people of Palestine. And He taught so well that even His enemies recognized in Him a teacher with authority.

Our Lord's own words, eloquent in their simplicity, prove that He was King, Priest, and Prophet. He said, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." As our King, He shows us the way to heaven, how we should act. As Prophet, He gives us the truth of God: revelation. As our great High Priest, He restores us to life, sanctifying grace. He links us with the living God.

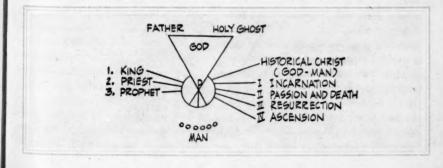
The drama of redemption turns to blood and tears during the historical Christ's last days on earth. But there is joy, too. There is death, but life also; defeat, and victory. Acts II, III, and IV of the play are the highly dramatic passion and death, resurrection, and ascension.

These acts are tremendously important to us. By His passion and death Christ paid the price of our sins, a price we could never pay. By this alone we can estimate how much we owe God. By His resurrection Christ gained for us the victory over death, over the supernatural death of the soul. Without the chance of being "born again" we could never be saved. By His ascension Christ concretely promised our ascension, body and soul, into heaven after the resurrection on the Last Day.

Thus, the drama of redemption passes Act IV. If it seems to you that we have been too brief in covering the last three acts you must remember that the acts themselves occupied less than a month and a half of our Lord's 33 years on earth. They brought His earthly life to a climax, and a climax comes quickly. But, as you can see from the diagram, the six men representing all of us still have had no part in the play. Their condition, moreover, is no better than it was in the beginning. They are as far away from God as Adam was the day he was expelled from the garden.

What remains to be done? To answer the question in St. Paul's words: we must put on Christ.

This is not impossible, for it happens every day. You have heard of a person saving himself from disgrace by "putting on" a friend whose reputation in the community is above reproach. He gets by on his friend's good name. Perhaps you have known a poor man who "put on" a rich friend and got himself bailed out of jail. In every community there are weak people who attach themselves to strong people. It is true, we do not always admire them. But in the redemption we had better be honest and admit that we have pretty badly disgraced ourselves before God, that we are a sorry lot of spiritual



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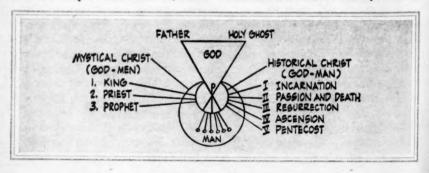
the the . As beggars, and, as a rule, so weak that the devil rarely has to blow on us more than once to knock us over. Indeed, we have little reason to be proud. Humility, then, is the first virtue of Christianity. For what we have to do is what those others have done: attach ourselves to Christ, and get into heaven on His name, and His works. Otherwise, we have no chance of getting there.

There is another reason why humility is the first virtue of Christianity. We must put on Christ to be saved. But we cannot put Him on alone. As willing as we might be, we must have help. Now the Holy Ghost makes His entrance on the stage in the drama of redemption. In Act V, which we call Pentecost, the Paraclete comes to our aid. You can see what happens from the diagram.

How do the six men put on Christ? When the Holy Ghost, who was sent by Christ, descended upon the Apostles and the others who were with them in the upper room, the incarnation of Christ, first of all, became their own. They re-enacted in their own life, with the help of the Paraclete, Act I

of the drama of redemption. As once the Son of God, remaining God, put on Man in the womb of Mary by the power of the Holy Ghost, so now Peter, remaining man, puts on Christ, who is God, by the same power of the Holy Ghost. To say it simply: the Holy Ghost made Peter one with Christ. But the moment He did this to Peter, and to the others in the upper room, the larger circle (see diagram below) was drawn. A new Christ came into existence. Now He is the mystical Christ (see diagram), or, if you prefer, the mystical Body. Note well, though, that the historical Christ is contained in the mystical Christ. According to St. Paul, He is the Head of the Body, while Peter and the others are His members. But they are one. This is the point you cannot afford to miss. Head and members, Christ and the Apostles, form one Body that acts as one.

For example, it is not my head alone that does this writing. Neither is it my hand alone. It is my head and hand that write. So it was not Christ, the Head, alone who made 3,000 converts on the first Pentecost Sunday. Neither



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was it Peter, the hand, alone who made them. It was Christ and Peter, acting as one. It was the mystical Christ, or the mystical Body.

Look at the diagram again and see how the six men have been swept from the audience onto the stage. They are not now idle spectators in the drama of redemption. They are in the act with Christ. As a matter of fact, the distinction of audience and stage has been wiped out. There is no audience left. Everyone is in the act!

But notice what else Peter, and the others who were with him in the upper room, gained when the Holy Ghost came upon them. Since they are now one with Christ, all the works of Christ become their works. The crucifixion is therefore Peter's. This means that the price of Peter's sins, which Christ paid on the cross, is now actually applied to Peter, and the eternal punishment due to his sins is remitted. Peter dies to sin, with Christ. He reenacts the crucifixion; similarly, the resurrection becomes Peter's. He rises to new life with Christ. His soul that was dead from original sin is now alive with the life of Christ. On the Last Day, however, Peter (his body) will arise as indeed Christ arose on Easter Sunday. Then will he ascend into heaven, body and soul, as Christ did on Ascension Thursday. So the ascension becomes Peter's.

You may be sure Peter was willing to let the Holy Ghost help him put on Christ and His works, for had he not been willing nothing would have happened. But like the man in disgrace, the poor man in jail, the weak men in your community, Peter put on the only Friend who could help him into heaven. Maybe you do not admire Peter. You may think you are a better man than he was and remain proudly aloof from Christ. If so, give up the idea of heaven. You will never get there.

There is one feature of the diagram which I want to make sure you do not overlook. Note how the historical Christ acts as mediator between God and man, as bridge (pontiff) between heaven and earth. He stands squarely in the center of the diagram, between God and man, and He will stand there till the end of time. Through Him the men in the diagram have their union with God. At last the harm of the fall-separation from God-is repaired. The men can go to God through Christ; God will come to them through Christ, Moreover, the men are united to each other through Christ. In other words, because they are one with Christ, they are one with God and one with each other.

In truth, the union of God and man, and of man and man, in the redemption is so perfect that it is no wonder one saint called it the envy of the angels.

The diagram happens to illustrate this idea. Take a ruler or a piece of paper and lay it across the diagram with the edge just clearing the top line of the triangle. Lower it slowly over the diagram and see if you can say where God ends and man begins.

Now, what happened to Peter and

to the others in the upper room on Pentecost Sunday happened to each one of us the day of our Baptism. That day we stepped into the circle. We took our place in the mystical Body with millions of other Christians. That day we put on Christ. We became one with Him and, through Him, one with God and all Christians in the world. The life of God streamed through Christ and flooded our soul with a divine radiance. The works of Christ flowed into us. His incarnation, passion and death, resurrection, and ascension became our own. In other words, when we were baptized we put on divinity (the incarnation), we died to sin (the crucifixion), arose to newness of life (the resurrection), and, in a sense-because we are one with God -we entered heaven (the ascension).

The following simple questions and answers give you a practical summary of the whole doctrine of the mystical Body.

Q. What does it mean to be a Christian?

A. To be in the circle.

Q. How do we get into the circle?

A. By Baptism of one kind or another.

Q. What does it mean to remain an active, living Christian?

A. To stay in the circle.

Q. What can throw us out of the circle and make us dead Christians?

A. Only mortal sin.

Q. What does it mean to be lost?

A. To die outside the circle.

O. What does it mean to be saved?

A. To die within the circle.

You must see that the beginning of heaven is on earth. When we die, provided we die in the circle, we do not really begin a new life. We merely have more of the life we have had since our Baptism. Or, put it this way. A child is born heir to a fortune. The fortune is his from birth, but he comes into full possession of it only at maturity. Our maturity is when we die. Our whole life is a growing up "unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fullness of Christ."

Nowhere can we see more clearly how the mystical Body acts as one than in the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The Mass, we know, re-enacts the whole drama of redemption from the incarnation to Pentecost. But who are the actors in the drama of redemption on the stage of the altar of the Mass? Is it Christ alone, as He hung alone on the cross? Is it the priest in his vestments? Is it you in the congregation? The truth is, it is Christ, His priest, and you. It is the mystical Christ, or the mystical Body, that offers the Sacrifice of the Mass. In the diagram it is everyone in the circle. That includes you.

By this time you should know how far short of the mark you are falling if, while you are at Mass on Sunday, you just wait for the priest to get it over.

You may wonder what has happened to the threefold office of Christ. We had to leave it behind for a moment. Now we take it up and show how the kingship, priesthood, and prophethood, like the other works of er

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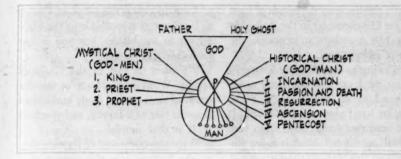
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Christ, become the works of the members of the mystical Body.

What does the diagram show? In the same way that the moment we put on Christ His works (right side of diagram) became our own, so, too, His kingship became ours, and His priesthood and prophethood (left side of diagram).

This is the way you should think of it. When you put on Christ, what He is you are. He is King in the Church; you are a ruler in the Church. He is Priest in the Church; you are a priest. He is Teacher, so are you. All of us who have been baptized share in the governing, sanctifying, and teaching work of Christ. But not in the same degree. We are all on the stage, enacting in our daily life the drama of redemption, but we have not the same part. As a matter of fact, we must have different parts, or there could be no play. All of us are "other Christs," but we are not identical characters.

Baptism is the way we first share in the offices of Christ. But for many years after Baptism we are passive. As little children we are on the receiving end of things. We are governed, sanctified, and taught. But as we grow older we become able to take an active part in the offices. Now is the time for Confirmation and a fuller sharing in the work of Christ. We should begin to give example, as well as be guided by it from others; to help others to be holy, and not be content to be holy ourselves. We must teach, as well as be taught.

But even after Confirmation we are at best lay rulers, lay priests, and lay teachers. If we go a step higher and receive the sacrament of Holy Orders we become official rulers, official priests and teachers. We put on Christ to a greater extent. This is one reason why the priesthood is a higher vocation.

But look at the diagram again and see the threefold office of Christ in another light.

Who is the Ruler in the Church? Who is the Priest in the Church? Who is the Teacher in the Church? The answer, of course, is Christ, because He is Head of the mystical Body. But is He likely to come among us today to govern, sanctify, and teach us with His own lips and hands? No. Instead,

He uses the lips and the hands of men who are His members in the Body. He needs His members to continue the work of redemption.

Returning to the example I used in this article, I say that my head needs my hand to do this writing. Head alone, or hand alone, cannot write. It takes head and hand. Still, I am sure you will admit my head is more important in this writing than my hand.

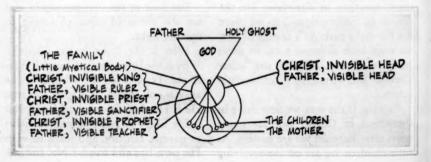
We have the same situation in the mystical Body. Christ, the Head of the Church and King, wants to govern all of us, lead us to our last end in heaven. Christ, the Priest, wants to sanctify us, unite us with God, Christ, the Prophet, wants to teach us. But He needs men, and will use men, to do this. These men are His members. acting as one with Him in the drama of redemption, as my head and hand act as one in this writing. In their proper order the members are Pope, bishop, priest, heads of families, all the faithful. But you should remember that it is more Christ even than the Pope who teaches, governs, and sanctifies you. And this, too, you should remember. You are not as responsible as I am in doing the work of Christ, as I am not as responsible as the Holy Father or my bishop, but you *are* responsible.

We come at last to the Christian family. What is it? Just take the diagram of the mystical Body and reduce it to the size of a family, and you have it. It is that simple!

What the sacrament of Baptism does to the human race the sacrament of Matrimony does to the family. Baptism progressively converts the human race into the mystical Body by putting us one by one into the circle. Matrimony converts the family into a little mystical body by drawing the circle around it.

Now you see what we mean by a Christian family. To so many Catholic people the fact that Christ elevated marriage to the dignity of a sacrament means only that He blesses the family in a special manner. How they miss the real truth! Actually, Christ transforms the family. He changes it from a purely human unit of society into a divine-human unit.

That you may see this clearly we give you a simplified diagram of your



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family as a mystical body in miniature.

Now, why have we said that your family is a divine-human family? Answer these questions, and you will know.

Who is the Head of your family? Who is the King in your family? Who is the Priest in your family? Who is the Prophet in your family?

With Christ the principal part of your family, as He is the principal part of the Church, how can it be other than a holy family? We say holiness is one of the four marks of the true Church. Holiness is a mark of the true Christian family.

Pious books tell you to invite Christ into your home. They say He should always be the invisible guest at your table. I am sure it is meant to be good counsel but you can see how inadequate it is. The truth is, you cannot keep Christ out of your home. Your family is a mystical body, having Christ as its Head and all of you as His members. It is a little Catholic Church. Have you ever heard anyone say we should invite Christ into the Church?

All the elements that go to make up the Catholic Church are present in the Christian family. Christ is Head, King, Priest, and Prophet in the family, as He is in the Church. But He is visibly represented throughout by the father. What we can say, therefore, of the Pope in relation to the Church, we can say of the father in relation to the family. Looking at the Holy Father you see Christ, the Head of the Church. Looking at the father you see

Christ, the Head of the family. When their father commands them the children should know that it is Christ who commands them. When he teaches, Christ teaches. And when he does what he can as a lay priest to promote the holiness of the lives of his wife and children they should know that it is Christ who sanctifies them.

Generalities are dangerous, Nevertheless, give me a family where the father knows himself to be the visible representative of Christ, and the children also know it, and I will give you a disciplined family. Give me a family where the members understand how important it is to their family life that they all remain in the state of sanctifying grace, and I will give you a good family. As a matter of fact, how else can you have a good family? Should all the members be in the state of mortal sin, isn't the family a pretty sad affair? Christ is still in it. He is still the invisible Head. But if you are all dead members, how shall you produce the fruit of good works?

When the family is living, when all of its members stand firmly planted within the circle, how closely it is united to God! Take your ruler again and draw it down the diagram and tell me where God ends, and your family begins.

We have shown the mother in the Christian family in the diagram by drawing a larger circle among the six small circles representing the children. This is significant. We mean to show that while the mother is a member of the little myetical body she is greater

than the children. I like to think of her—and I believe correctly—as occupying the same place in the family which our blessed Lady occupies in the Church. Mary would never dream of taking the place of her divine Son. She would not think of supplanting Him as Head of the Church. She is a member. But she is Queen of the members, the first member. And she is a powerful ally to her divine Son in the work of redemption.

Just so the mother in a Christian family. She is a member, but queen and first. And she is a powerful help to the father in the work of governing, sanctifying, and teaching the chil-

dren. Is it not to her that the children usually go to obtain favors from the father?

By way of suggestion, why not make a fairly large drawing of your family as a little mystical body and put it on the wall where it will remind you every day of what you are as a Christian family. To make it a stronger reminder, put a picture of our Lord in His place as Head, King, Priest, and Prophet of your family, and superimpose a smaller picture of the father as His visible representative. Then put pictures of the mother and the children where they belong. It would be worth trying.



Let Us Protestants Awake

I AM a Protestant, the son of a Protestant preacher, whose father was a Protestant. . . . Some Protestants think they might gain advantage for their church by lining up with the mortal enemies of Catholicism, such as communists or nazis. A few Protestants have helped anti-Catholic despots persecute Catholics. Such tactics are immoral and futile. . . . The fact that communist despots are concentrating their main anti-Christian drives on Roman Catholics in various countries of Europe and Asia is a compliment to that Church rather than a reproach. The bolsheviks are fighting the Catholic Church with special vehemence and venom, because that Church is offering the most resistance, is the best organized, is showing itself the most heroic, and best understands the completely anti-Christian nature of atheistic, communist depotism. . . . Although we shouted that our state should feed us, clothe us, amuse us, doctor us, some of us fell into a panic when some Christians tried to get the state to allow us to use public buildings to teach a couple of whiffs of Christianity. In the long run-and the run may not be so long-such frenzied secularization may prove catastrophic for religion, and for every good force.

From Let Us Protestants Awake by Reuben H. Markham. Published by the author, Boston, 1949.

Head Man of New Sermany

By KATHLEEN McLAUGHLIN

Condensed from the New York Times Magazine*

Adenauer, chancellor of the new German Federal Republic, reflects his personality. It is inaccessible to any vehicle, even a bicycle. For the road ends well below the house. Inmates and visitors alike must toil up 57 high stone steps. He kept aloof from the nazis in much the same way.

There is order outside and inside this castle where Dr. Adenauer is king. His sober courtesy as host at first suggests stiffness. Yet kindliness and humor lie behind that impassive, paradoxically oriental face, with its prominent high cheekbones, its thin straight

lips, and its taut, parchment-hued skin.

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He is six feet two in height. His lean, square-shouldered figure has the erectness of the military clique, for which his dislike amounts to practically an obsession. Resemblance to the military ends there. For he is no heel-clicker, no handkisser, and it would be difficult to imagine him bowing stiffly from the waist or snapping into a smart salute.

His party, the Christian Democrat Union, came into power in the Aug. 13 elections. That Sunday found him in high spirits. But in contrast to the excitement of the rest of his family, he calmly set himself to clear his desk of accumulated correspondence.

"After all," he mused, "what else should I do? I am not the man to worry 24 hours in advance if I can be sure of something 24 hours later."

Like the staunch Catholic he is, he had begun the day by hearing Mass at the chapel in Rhoendorf near his home in Honnef with his black-cas-

socked, 24-year-old son Paul, who is preparing for the priesthood. From there he had gone to the polls to mark his own ballot and joke with the people working at the polls.

"Don't take too many pictures of me with Paul," he cautioned news cameramen. "People will say that I'm letting myself be guided by the Church."



He was told that although it was only 10 o'clock, already 45% of those registered had cast votes. "So business is fine." he beamed.

Dr. Adenauer was like that also at Bonn during the tensest period of the Parliamentary council. Communist Paul Renner's loud attacks on the entire assembly frequently verged on the clownish. Dr. Adenauer came up behind him and patted him on the shoulder.

"You are our little ray of sunshine, Paul," the then president of the council assured Renner. "Without you we wouldn't have any fun here at all."

Dr. Adenauer had little fun during the Hitler era.

For 26 years he had been Lord Mayor of Cologne. Then, in March of 1933, the nazis took over. Before that month was out Hermann Goering ousted Dr. Adenauer from office. He had not concealed his opposition to the nazis and all they represented. He was arrested twice afterwards and jailed, once during the Roehm purge and again after the July 20 assassination attempt against Hitler. He was eventually released both times as not involved.

On more than one occasion during Hitler's dictatorship the nazis indicated they would have been pleased to enlist Dr. Adenauer's prestige for their own ends; but they found him anything but compliant.

Cologne, where he was born on Jan. 5, 1876, offers a host of monuments to his record as Lord Mayor. Between 1917 and 1933 he founded its famous

annual trade fair, gave Cologne its first auto bahn, as well as its great new bridge over the Rhine, fathered the broad band of green that circles the metropolis, originated the International Press Exhibit of 1928 in Cologne, rebuilt its river port, provided a model workers' settlement, and aided the university so extensively that he was made a fourfold doctor of each of its faculties. In short, he made Cologne foremost among western German communities.

During his enforced leisure, the future chancellor's main preoccupation was with writing. He turned out several articles, none of which ever saw print.

When the war ended, Dr. Adenauer was restored by the Americans to his post as Lord Mayor of Cologne after a careful checkup on his career. His anti-Hitler record made him the logical choice.

Shortly after Cologne was designated British territory, however, occurred an episode which remains unclarified. By order of a British Military government official, he was dismissed on the ground that he had been remiss in "displaying sufficient initiative and energy toward the rehousing program." He was ordered not to enter Cologne again.

Exiled once more to Honnef, he promptly busied himself with the creation of a party that would function as the successor to the old Catholic Center party. This time he included Protestants. He felt that Catholics alone would be too narrow a basis for

political action on a national scale.

The result was the Christian Democratic Union. Largely by the force of his own personality, and by the fact that he is probably the most skillful political tactician in Germany today, he held the party together through a series of violent internal quarrels. Notably, he kept it afloat through the most vigorous campaigning his nearest rivals, the Social Democrats, could do in the August elections. And he has won his post in the new government hands down, with his reputation for personal integrity at its zenith.

His impress is obvious on the program of the party he founded. Its basic idea is to get rid of materialistic solutions of public problems and to use Christian principles instead.

At Bonn the CDU favored the formation of a federal state as opposed both to a unified state and to a confederation of states. Excessive concentration of power in the hands of the central government, it held, should be avoided. But the federal government should determine foreign policy and financial and economic measures while sharing finances with the states.

In economics, a division-of-power principle must be introduced into enterprises of a monopolistic nature, such as the coal and steel industries of the Ruhr, to prevent their domination by private individuals. Public agencies, such as the federal government, the states and the municipalities, as well as cooperatives and employes, are to take part, although they must leave necessary play to owner initiative.

Like its leader, the CDU favors a Western European Union and reconciliation between France and Germany. In addition, the new chancellor in an interview on Sept. 9 stated that a separate peace treaty for the German Federal Republic is "absolutely necessary."

By his opponents Dr. Adenauer is often labeled The Old Fox. Unkinder critics call him an over-age reactionary, completely out of step with the times. He is frequently assailed by the Social Democrats for shifting his point of view to conform to opportune moments.

But Dr. Adenauer is peculiarly fitted to pilot the ship of state of the infant republic on its maiden voyage. True, he represents a return to the past rather than the future. But he also embodies to the rest of the world a Germany of relative stability rather than the hysterical nation of Hitler's era or the uncertainties of socialism and change still fermenting in the political life of all four occupation zones.

How long he can manage to survive the pressure of forward drives in a country struggling to regain its footing in the world is questionable. As Chancellor he will be a fair target for all dissident factions. He will undoubtedly have to accept into his government various elements unsympathetic to his own views. At Bonn he proved himself adept at compromise. On the other hand, and at least for the present, he has the advantage of the majority confidence of the electorate.

For the moment he can regard him-

self as the chancellor most acceptable to the Americans and French, and, in lesser measure, even to the British. One circumstance that may have contributed to a British suspicion during the early occupation era is, that while his French is practically flawless, he can manage only a few words in English. His warm friendship for and admiration of France—which in his younger

days once led him to dally with a Rhenish separatist movement—possibly also caused British coolness,

Dr. Adenauer insists that he cherishes no prejudice, even after the incident of 1945, which has been quietly forgotten by both sides. In his own mind, Dr. Adenauer is a European rather than an exponent of German nationalism.



Russian Salad

THE latest joke in Budapest, inspired by the self-confessions at communist trials:

One day the high commissioner of police ordered a detective to find out whether a skeleton standing in his office was really the skeleton of Attila, the 5th-century king of the Huns. The detective took away the skeleton. Several days later he returned with all that was left—a few splinters of bones.

"The skeleton is really that of Attila," he announced. "How did you confirm it?" asked the police chief.

"He confessed," the detective announced proudly. Newsweek (26 Sept. '49).

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It is reported that the Russians are thinking of erecting a statue to the memory of the sailors on the Santa Maria who mutinied against discovering America.

The Dublin Standard (5 Aug. '49).

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During his stay in the U.S., Gromyko acquired a typically American sense of humor, at least about some things. Once reporters asked him an embarrassing question: If Russia had the atomic bomb, would she share the secret with the U.S.? Gromyko remained grimly silent. To ease the atmosphere, Peter Kihss of the New York Herald-Tribune cracked: "That's a \$64 question, Mr. Ambassador." Gromyko brightened. "Yes, and I have lost the \$64, gentlemen," he announced, and stalked off.

The American Mercury (Sept. '49).

The Road to Fatima

The road to Fatima is wide

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and long. Like a great tree it sends branches into the corners of the world. From these far corners, pilgrims journey to Portugal, to the little town of Fatima where, on May 13, 1917 not a long time ago to the ages of devotion, the Queen of Heaven appeared to three peasant children. She gave them a message, a secret of finding peace for a belligerent world.



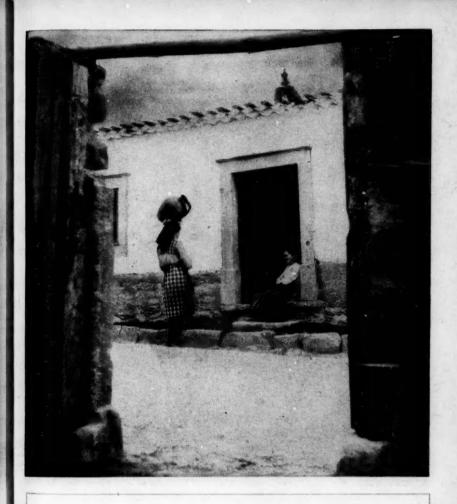
THE road is hard and the sun is sometimes unmercifully hot. The pilgrims must rest along the way. The rich will stay at hotels; the poor will prop themselves against walls that crowd the road. This is the time to say the Rosary. Some peasants, who are making the pilgrimage, plod along with little donkeys. Wicker baskets that carry their supplies are strapped snugly across the backs of the animals. A few pilgrims ride in carts.



A PILCRIM making the journey for the first time will pause for a prayer at the graves of Jacinta and Francisco. They were the two children, who, with their cousin Lucy, spoke to the mother of Christ. In one of the visions, the Virgin prophesied the deaths of the two. Later they died from a plague that scourged Portugal, but before their deaths they awakened the world to the message of Fatima. Lucy, now a nun, still lives to magnify the message.



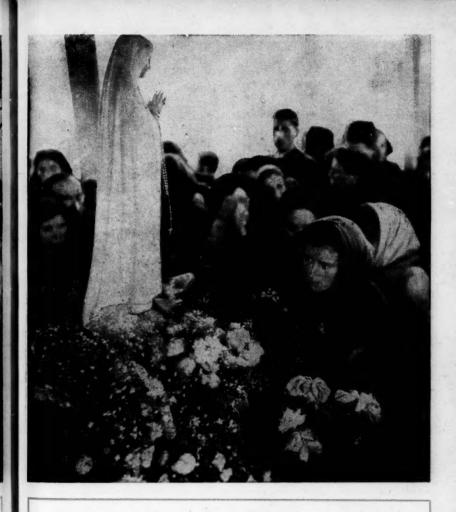
ON OCT. 13, 1917, 70,000 people gathered at Fatima for the last visit of the Virgin. Mr. and Mrs. Marto, father and mother of Jacinta and Francisco, still tell of the mixed intentions; there were skeptics and scoffers, atheists and Catholics, believers and non-believers. What they saw is now history. Authentic reports by unbiased witnesses recall the swirling, diving sun; storm clouds that melted before the unearthly brightness.



Over and over again a pilgrim relives the days of the apparitions. But the journey must go on, and after a visit to the home of the two children, the last two miles through the country of flowers to the Basilica of Our Lady of Fatima are begun. On the pilgrims' return, a visit must be made to the parish church of Lumiar, where the head of St. Brigid, patroness of nuns, is preserved. They also go to see the lovely church of Batalha.



ALONG the way, refreshment stands beckon the thirsty and hungry pilgrim. Here is a chance to rest under the cool shade trees of blossom-adorned Portugal. Since the days of the apparitions, Portugal has changed considerably. During the last 20 years, the country has experienced a great prosperity to replace the squalor of its former poverty. What has happened to this country where the Blessed Virgin appeared is an example for the world.

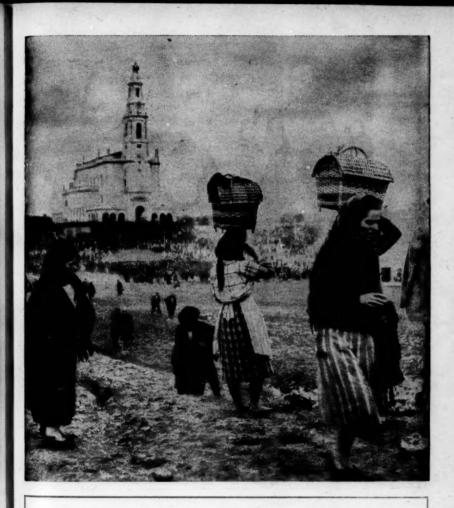


At the approach to Fatima, the pilgrim encounters shrines to the Blessed Virgin. These are mixing places of faith, joys, and tears. Besides the petition to our Lady for the world, each pilgrim has a special plea for himself. Thanks are offered at these shrines for favors received; petitions are made for spiritual help. Our Lady has confided that there are many favors in heaven ready to be granted if we will only ask.

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THE journey is almost over, but it has been difficult for those who have traveled on foot. Some are too weak for the final steps and must be helped. Many pilgrims walk the last five miles barefoot. Faith that ignores hardships has carried the hopeful to the feet of the Virgin. But what a prize if enough have faith. Our Lady has promised peace to the world, even to the eventual conversion of Russia.



PILCRIMACES are timed so that pilgrims will arrive at Fatima on an anniversary date of the apparition. There are special blessings for the crowd; spectacular ceremonies conducted before the image of our Lady; candlelight processions outside the Basilica. The Basilica of Fatima is on a hill about two miles from the town in the village of Cova da Iria. Latecomers find practically no accommodations left at Fatima on the 13th of each summer month.



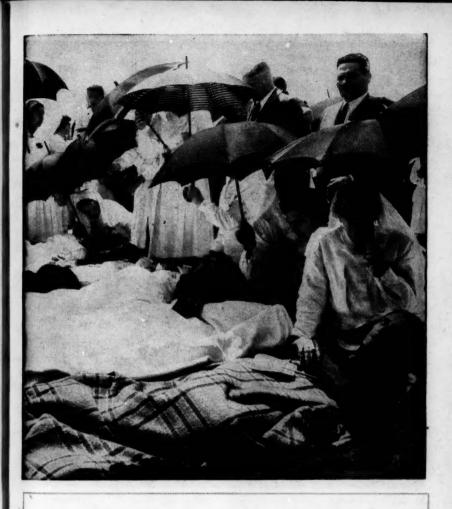
It was at Cova da Iria that Lucy, Jacinta, and Francisco saw the Virgin. A stone pillar marks the spot where once grew a little oak tree upon whose branches the Mother Mary stood. During ceremonies, the statue of our Lady is brought to rest on this pillar. Flags of many nations flutter around the shrines at Fatima, and it is hoped that some day soon the flag of Russia will join with all of the others.



Special devotions last into the long hours of the night. Groups united behind their own particular cause storm heaven through joined prayers—like this group of Americans who prayed all one night in the hospital chapel for help for two ailing American boys who had made the pilgrimage. They were joined by natives of Portugal and other Europeans in their petition to our Lady. In Fatima, all peoples unite in a common cause.



Thousands receive Communion in the open air as priests and bishops circulate through the throng. The clerics have a tremendous task of hearing confessions, attending special devotions, and offering Mass. Priests among the pilgrims help the local priests and bishops during the ceremonies. The Bishop of Leiria sometimes welcomes the pilgrims. It was in him the children confided at the time of the appearances.



STRETCHED beneath Portugal's warm sun are those who have come to ask for a miracle. They are attended by relatives and nurses. They know God cures only a few who ask His help even though the Blessed Virgin intercedes. Their prayer is, "Not my will, but Thine be done." Many, seeing the suffering of others, ask help for those who need it most. They forget about their own pain and suffering because it seems minute compared with that of others.



HERE is the road to Fatima, the road to peace. Mary has given us her word that if we offer ourselves to God, make sacrifices, and accept willingly the sufferings it pleases Him to send us, we will make reparation for sins which offend the divine Majesty. Peace, she promises, will come to the world through devotion to her Immaculate Heart; reception of the sacraments every first Saturday; and daily meditation on the mysteries of the Rosary.

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The Strange Mr. Home

By HUMPHREY J. T. JOHNSON

Condensed from the Clergy Review*



ANIEL DUNGLAS HOME was a remarkable man who may be justly called the prince of mediums. He was born near Edinburgh in 1833, of poor parents but of a family which claimed connection with the Earls of Home, and was taken to America as a child. He gave evidence at an early age of unusual psychic powers. Returning to Europe, he appeared in London as a medium in 1855.

Home never belonged to any "Spiritualist" organization. But he claimed to exercise his power by the aid of spirits, and not, as did some oriental ascetics, by mastery over nature through self-discipline. He was not a professional medium and took no money for his performances, though he doubtless received presents.

Home excelled in producing what are called the "physical phenomena" of Spiritualism: telekinesis, or movements of objects without physical contact; levitations, "materializations," and immunity from injury when touching fire. He continued to hold seances for 20 years, though it was in the earlier part of this period when Spiritualism was a novelty that his

reputation was at its height. In London not only was he lionized in fashionable society, but his seances were attended by many celebrities in the world of literature, politics, and science. On the continent, Home was no less sought after. He gave seances before Napoleon III and the Empress Eugenie, the Tsar Alexander II, William I of Prussia, King William of Württemberg and Queen Sophia of the Netherlands.

For a short period the wizard was a Catholic, being received into the Church by Newman's critic. Monsignor Talbot, after three weeks' instruction. The famous Jesuit preacher, Père de Ravignan, was his director during Home's period as a Catholic. After his lapse, he revisited Rome and was expelled as a sorcerer.

Even more striking than his power of telekinesis were his alleged levitations, elongations, and ability to touch fire without receiving injury. His most celebrated levitation was that said to have taken place at Ashley House, Victoria St., Dec. 13, 1868. The witnesses were Lord Adare, Captain Wynne of Lissadell, Co. Sligo, and the Master of Lindsay. Lindsay, who succeeded

to the Earldom of Crawford and Balcarres, was noted for his scientific interests. An account of the seance was written by Adare three days later. It was printed for private circulation and subsequently published in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.

The author and Wynne arrived after dinner at Ashley House, where they found Lindsay and Home. The latter proposed a seance. The four sat round a table in a small 3rd-floor room without light, Lindsay saw or thought that he saw two spirit forms on the sofa. The medium, telling the others to keep their seats, went out into the passage and was heard to go into the next room and throw up the window. Presently he was seen standing upright in the air outside the window of the room in which the others were. He passed in through it and, on completing his levitation, laughed, and said that if a policeman had been passing and had looked up and seen a man turning round and round along the wall in the air he would have been much astonished. Home, with a view to demonstrating that there had been no illusion, took Adare into the next room and passed out of the window horizontally, his body rigid, coming in again feet foremost. He did not appear to rest on the balustrade but to swing in and out. Lord Lindsay's account, given in 1871, says, "Mr. Home went into a trance and in that state was carried out of the window in the room next to where we were, and was brought in at our window. The distance between the windows was about seven feet, six inches, and there was not the slightest foothold between them. We heard the window in the next room lifted up, and almost immediately after, we saw Home floating in the air outside our window. He remained in this position for a few seconds, then raised the window and glided into the room feet foremost and sat down. The hypothesis of a mechanical arrangement of ropes or supports outside has been suggested, but does not cover the facts as described."

The third witness, Wynne, when the other two were not believed, said, "The fact of Mr. Home having gone out of one window and into another I can swear to. Anyone who knows me would not for a moment say I was a victim to hallucination or any other humbug of the kind." In the absence of the testimony of a casual passer-by we can but weigh against each other the arguments for fraud, illusion, and reality.

Stage magicians can produce "levitation" by placing a person against a black background through which an iron lever covered with black velvet is passed and attached to the body of the performer. Any mechanical device can, however, be safely put out of the question in this case.

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The explanation by hallucination deserves more attention. Adare's statement that Lindsay saw spirit forms on the sofa has been quoted in support of it. The skeptic, Frank Podmore, treats the whole thing as a "complex illusion." Sir William Barrett once

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made a boy think he saw Sir William levitated. The boy was hypnotized and on coming out of the hypnotic state described Sir William's passage through the air though Sir William had remained on the floor all the time.

But the credibility of this astounding story must be judged when it is taken in conjunction with other alleged levitations. These are sometimes met with in lives of the saints, the most notable case being, perhaps, that of the Franciscan lay Brother, St. Joseph of Cupertino (1603-1663), whom many persons saw raised in the air to a height of seven or eight feet. Theologians have sometimes explained such prodigies in holy men, not as simple miracles but as participation while still on earth in the property of agilitas enjoyed by glorified bodies. The strongest piece of evidence in favor of the reality of Home's levitation is the number of recorded instances of it. The one narrated does not stand alone. "On three separate occasions," says Sir William Crookes, the famous chemist and physicist, "have I seen him raised completely from the floor of the room. Once sitting in an easy chair, once kneeling on his chair, and once standing up. There are at least 100 recorded instances of Mr. Home's rising from the ground in the presence of many separate persons. To reject the recorded evidence on this subject is to reject all human testimony whatever. Most of the evewitnesses to these levitations are now living."

In August, 1860, there appeared in the Cornhill Magazine an article en-

titled Stranger Than Fiction, in which the writer testified to having seen Home float in the air in a West End drawing room while an accordion played by itself strains of wild pathos. The great Thackeray, then the editor, was severely criticized for publishing the article, but refused to disown it.

The most grotesque of Home's feats were his elongations. His body was asserted to have been mysteriously lengthened so as to leave a gap of four inches between his waistcoat and the top of his trousers. On one occasion his arm is said to have grown longer by nine and a half inches. If these stories stood alone it would be difficult to do otherwise than dismiss them with a smile. But bodily elongations in the case of three nuns are recorded by Father Thurston in the Month (December, 1936). In the case of one of them, when the process for her beatification was introduced, the Promotor Fidei, of course, argued that growing mysteriously taller could furnish no possible evidence for a person's sanctity. An instance of elongation more recent than that of Home is also recorded. In a seance in a 5th-floor room at the Hotel Victoria in Naples Dec. 19, 1908, the neck of the medium. Eusapia Palladino, appeared to become elongated by a foot. Everard Feilding, one of a committee which was holding the seances on behalf of the Society for Psychical Research, observes, "I noticed no movement of her body, and the effect was exactly that described in Alice in Wonderland of a neck becoming suddenly elongated. This must

have been an illusion; I cannot account for it." Mrs. Hutton, a lady present at this seance, confirmed Feilding's statement by saying that she had seen Eusapia's neck elongated at other seances, a statement corroborated by Professor Lutzerberger, who also mentioned the medium's apparent power to grow a third arm. We must, it seems, be content to treat elongation, if it really occurs, as a baffling phenomenon, and unless perhaps a person were medically examined while the condition persists it will not be easy to do otherwise.

Even more uncanny was Home's ability to handle fire without injury to himself and even to control it so as to prevent it from harming others. This has been testified to by a number of reputable witnesses. During a seance at 15 Ashley Place in 1869, Home, after poking the fire to increase the heat, drew out a large lump of burning coal which it took two hands to hold. He then, to the alarm of Mrs. Hall, placed it on the head of Mr. S. C. Hall, a minor literary figure of the period, drawing his white hair over it. Mr. Hall said that it felt "warm, not hot." The spectacle of the red coal glowing through the silver threads was a striking one.

This incident does not stand by itself. May 14, 1871, Sir William Crookes wrote to Barrett, "the other night I saw Home handling red hot coals as though they had been oranges." But this power was one on which the medium could not always rely. He once handed a live coal to a

man who was so badly burned that 30 years later his hands showed traces of the blisters received. The suggestion has been made that Home used some preparation which could have protected the skin of his hands from being charred when handling live coals. No such preparation, however, appears to be known. When Edward Clodd suggested that the medium had used diluted sulphuric acid Andrew Lang proposed that Clodd should make the experiment himself, a proposal which was not accepted. Had Home been a trickster, he would never have risked his reputation by handing a live coal to a man with the knowledge that it would burn him. We may, if we will, suppose that all the witnesses to this marvel lied without apparent motive or were the victims of some extraordinary form of hallucination. But as in the case of the levitations, we cannot treat Home's feats in this direction as an isolated fact, but should study them in connection with the immunity from burning experienced by persons taking part in the "fire walk" ceremonies familiar to anthropologists.

Unlike the great majority of mediums of his class, Home was never during his lifetime convicted of trickery. He was never proved to have a confederate among the sitters.

In general the world of science ignored Home. Men like Darwin and Tyndall could not bring themselves to regard him seriously, so little did his marvels fit in with their concept of what is possible, though a section of the scientific world took a different at-

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titude. Sir William Crookes was satisfied, after applying the most satisfactory tests which had been devised up to that time, that his marvels were genuine. But the tide was against him. The view that the eyewitnesses at Home's seances had been the victims of delusion came to be the dominant one, and in a leading article June 24, 1886, three days after the medium's death, *The Times* commented on the way in which love of the seemingly marvelous will render "persons who are apparently of more than ordinary acuteness the victims of deception of the most

transparent character." The phenomena could not have taken place and therefore did not take place. In the opinion of the present writer a good proportion of Home's phenomena should be accepted as genuinely paranormal occurrences. It is perhaps possible that his phenomena were brought about with the aid of spirits. Home's powers seemed to have failed some years before his death and he had no successor who could be regarded as approximately an equal. In the history of occultism he deserves as much space as Cagliostro or Apollonius of Tyana.

The Open Door

A LAWYER was accused of embezzling funds. He and his wife were Protestants, he the director of the choir. The lawyer was found guilty, and given 10 years. His wife thought that if someone with a little prestige would put in a good word for him with the judge, his term might be shortened.

She approached the Catholic priest. The priest knew the lawyer quite well. He consented, and when the judge asked the priest to appear in behalf of the accused, he did so. The lawyer, upon hearing what the Catholic priest had done for him, immediately wrote an article for his home-town paper praising the Church and the priest.

His term was shortened to three years; and when he arrived home, one

of his Catholic neighbors was first to welcome him. The lawyer's greeting to his Catholic neighbor was, "Well, I believe the same as you do now, Bill, I'm a Catholic, too." He had taken instructions while he was serving his term, and now his wife is taking instructions from the priest who went to bat for her husband.

Miss Marie K. Ryan.

A CERTAIN non-Catholic, perhaps through curiosity, one day seated himself in a rear pew during Mass. Through the Mass he sat, even up to the Consecration. Next to him knelt a Catholic man. Seeing that the non-Catholic made no effort to kneel at the Consecration, the Catholic was vexed into impropriety himself and

growled to his seated companion, in no uncertain terms, "Dammit, kneel down." The non-Catholic was so taken by surprise that without hesitation he did as the Catholic commanded. The result: his curiosity was aroused. He wondered at the importance of this having to kneel down. Leaving the church, he made it a point to introduce himself to the Catholic, and asked what the Mass was all about. He received the answer and in due time took instructions and was received into the Church, all because of a few "strong words" uttered at the right time.

Rita Bezy.

In 1944 a Protestant young man prepared to go overseas with his outfit. When he reached Honolulu he was dropped off as a replacement. I met him there and took him to Mass with me several times.

When I was packing to go home in 1946, he called, seeming very upset over the loss of a small gold cross. His name had been inscribed on the back, and he said he had wanted me to have it, but he had lost it out on the sands while on guard duty the night before. I told him in a light, off-hand manner that a prayer to St. Anthony usually takes care of things like that for me.

Two days later a camp dog called 8-Ball came into the canteen. In his mouth was the very cross my friend had lost. The young man is now an ardent Catholic and my husband. I am wearing the cross I feel is responsible for both his conversion and marriage.

Mrs. Lloyd E. Elliott.

In a biology class in an eastern university we were discussing the philosophical and religious significance of Darwin's theory of evolution. The generalizations finally whittled down to a debate between another student, a professed atheist, and myself. Although not an evolutionist myself, it was easy to point out that, even if the theory were proved a fact, it would be to God's greater honor and glory. After all is it not a greater feat to clear a billiard table with one shot than to do it ball by ball?

The bell ended our argument, but my friend accepted a challenge, and frequent meetings followed. Evolution still did not explain first causes-the arguments of St. Thomas appealed to his intellect. Finally, after months of discussion, reading, and prayer he had to admit the Catholic claim and join the Church. He entered the service, after which nothing but a Catholic education would satisfy him. He had arrived at the faith through reason. Now he wished to arrive at reason through the faith. My friend now studies at a Catholic university and is preparing to enter the field of psychiatry. Vincent A. Corsall.

For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Address Open Door Editor, Manuscripts cannot be returned. arfor

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Echon and Atironta Die

By FRANCIS X. TALBOT, S. J.

Condensed from a book*



N the 17th century Huronia was almost a Christian nation, converted by the French Jesuits. St. Jean de Brebeuf, whom the Hurons called Echon, was one of the Jesuit leaders. He had scattered the Christian settlements like Ste. Marie, St. Ignace and St. Louis all along Lake Huron. The Hurons, however, were doomed. The warlike Iroquois of New York, armed by the Dutch of New Amsterdam, had determined to destroy their competitors in the fur trade. First, through diplomacy, they caused many Huron villages to apostalize. Then, through incessant raids, they destroyed the remaining Christian villages one by one. This account tells of the greaf raid that finally broke the spirit of the Huron nation and caused the death of de Brebeuf. The year is 1649.

*Saint Among the Hurons. Copyright, 1949, by Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33rd St., New York City, 16. 351 pp. \$3.75.

Echon and Atironta Die

By FRANCIS X. TALBOT, S.J.

BOUT January, Père Gabriel Lalemant was appointed to help de Brébeuf in the care of his villages. Gabriel had reached Huronia only the preceding September. He was a small, emaciated man, and at 38 was rather old for the fatiguing labors of a missioner. In four months, however, he had made incredible progress in the Huron language and shown the qualities that proved he would become a great apostle, if only he were not so frail. But he protested that he was not sick, nor sickly, and that he could do the work of those who looked stronger than he.

In their winter dress, de Brébeuf and Lalemant were an amusing contrast. The former was gigantically tall, the latter less than medium height: the one was heavy and rotund, the other skinny and flat. They were one, however, in spirit and zeal. De Brébeuf was happy with such an apt helper; Lalemant was overjoyed in the intimacy with the great apostle about whom he had read and heard so much. Lalemant confided to Jean that his daily prayer since he became a Jesuit in 1630 was to come to New France and, if possible, work among the Hurons. He had begged the grace of shedding his blood for Christ, as Christ

shed His for mankind. He had received one of the favors; he hoped for the other. To Lalemant, de Brébeuf confessed that he, himself, had offered himself to God, soul and body, and that he had begged God to treat him as He had treated Antoine Daniel, the first martyr of the Huron mission.

In their routine schedule, they started off on Monday to make the rounds of their half-dozen villages and, by Saturday, were back at Ste. Marie to instruct and minister to their own villagers and the many others who came in for Sunday Mass. During January and February, Père Jean thanked God for what seemed to be an extraordinary increase in the fervor of his neophytes and in the number that asked to be instructed. These months, he told Lalemant, had always been the most diabolic in the superstitious feasts and debauches.

On Sunday, March 14, Stephen Annaotaha, one of the renowned war chiefs from St. Louis, as well as one of the foremost believers, came to Ste. Marie for the Sunday Mass. He asked Echon (de Brébeuf) to listen to all the sins of his past life and to forgive them in the sight of God. He said that he had a presentiment of some danger threatening him. When Echon pro-

nounced absolution, he expressed great joy. Now, no matter what happened, he was sure of going to heaven.

On Monday morning, March 15, Jean de Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalemant strode out from Ste. Marie for their usual calls at their missions. They spent the day at St. Louis, finding much to occupy them among the four or five hundred villagers. That night they lodged in their own little cabin and Tuesday morning said their Masses a little after dawn. They intended to proceed to St. Ignace later in the day.

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About six in the morning, while they were finishing their prayers, they were startled by a piercing shriek, followed by shrill screams. They rushed out of the cabin and pushed among the villagers to the gate. Three men, naked and breathless, danced hysterically while they wailed their warning: "The Iroquois! They are in the new village!"

In terror, the villagers took up the cry, "The enemy! The Iroquois!" De Brébeuf gasped in horror. The Iroquois were slaughtering his people at St. Ignace; they were racing through the trees to St. Louis and would massacre his children. More quietly, he thought that this might be his time. He was deafened by the frenzied shouts of the men and the howls of the women and children. Clear above the clamor, he heard the firm commands of Stephen Annaotaha, to guard the gate and to man the scaffolding of the palisades.

De Brébeuf and Lalemant rushed through the alleyways and the longhouses of St. Louis. They quieted the quivering children, tried to calm the wild-eyed, screeching women, and encouraged the old men and women who were hobbling about in frantic impotence. Over the believers they made the sign of absolution, and on the heads of others they poured the waters of baptism. They helped the squaws pack their corn and clothes, urging them all to flee the village, to save themselves in the depths of the forests, and pray to God.

The village emptied quickly. De Brébeuf and Lalemant, hastening the people outside the gates, watched them stumble hysterically down the hillside and disappear in the curve of the trails. Jean looked down on Gabriel and suggested that he hurry back to Ste. Marie. There was grave danger, he said, and there was no need for both of them to expose themselves. He himself would remain with the braves who were defending the village, but it would be better for Gabriel to follow after and help those who were escaping. Lalemant looked up pleadingly at Brébeuf. His eyes said he would be obedient, but he begged to be allowed to remain. De Brébeuf, remembering Lalemant's prayer, saw that the will of God was about to be done.

Together, they turned back into the village which, by now, was terrifyingly still. Fewer than 100 bare-skinned chiefs and braves, streaked with their crimson war paint, waited tensely about the gates, listening for the signal from their scouts that the Iroquois were sighted. Stephen Annaotaha, rac-

ing about directing the defense, rushed to Echon and Atironta (Lalemant). "Save yourselves," he called to them. "Go now, while there is time." Echon told him that their place was here where there was danger. They must care for those who were fighting.

At the warning cries of the returning scouts, they dashed to where their warriors were concentrated. The men atop the stockade shrieked their defiance while the Iroquois streamed out of the forests, shrilling their bloodcurdling wiiiii. The attack burst against the main gateway and the palisades on either side. Showers of arrows whistled back and forth and Iroquois muskets cracked. The vells and screams, within and without the walls, rose in fury. De Brébeuf here, Lalemant there, raced along the stockade wherever the fighting was most furious. While arrows fell down on them from the sky, they shouted up their encouragement to the Hurons. When one tumbled down wounded, they bent over him to absolve or baptize him. They raised their voices in prayer and exhorted the believers to beg God's help.

Gradually, there came a lull in the fighting as the Iroquois withdrew from the stockade and took cover in the woods. While the Hurons waited the second assault, one of the infidels urged Annaotaha and his men to slip out the rear gates and save themselves by flight through the ravine. Stephen glared at him in anger: "What do you mean? Do you ask us to save our lives and abandon the Blackrobes? They

were not afraid to sacrifice their lives for us. Their love for us will cause their death. We might escape, but there is no time left for them to flee across the snow. Let us die with them. Let us go in company with them to heaven."

The Iroquois, with menacing whoops, burst out again from the forest and threw themselves against the gate and walls. The defenders ranged themselves behind the posts and on the hanging runway, picking off their assailants with arrows and stones. Suddenly shouts of triumph rose in the rear of the village. The Iroquois had crept up through the ravine, had hacked holes in the bark at the base of the palisades, and were scrambling through the breaches in so many places and in such numbers that the Hurons had no chance. Annaotaha and his 60 survivors lowered their weapons in surrender. With them stood Atironta and Echon.

The Iroquois seized and shackled the prisoners, dragged and pushed them out of the gates, and herded them in the trampled spaces beyond the village. Other Iroquois dashed through the cabins, splitting the heads of all they found, gathering furs and other booty, and hurling torches into the bark cabins. Hurriedly they reassembled about the prisoners, dancing, velling, and shrieking like maniacs, swinging their tomahawks in menacing gestures. They beat the two Blackrobes and the Hurons into a long file, ordered them to sing, and started them off at a romping trot along the trail.

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Jean de Brébeuf looked back at the leaping, red flames and the dark smoke billowing up from St. Louis, then forward along the pathway that he had so often traveled to St. Ignace.

When they reached the clearing before St. Ignace, the Iroquois stripped de Brébeuf and Lalemant as naked as themselves. Howling and shrieking like demons, brandishing clubs and sticks, they fought for a place in the two parallel columns that stretched from the woods to the gate. Meanwhile, Echon, shouting above the clamor to the Hurons huddled about him, exhorted them to have courage and place their trust in God. The Christians bellowed back to him their words of faith and loyalty, and joined their voices to his prayers. The wriggling files of the gauntlet were formed. One by one, the Hurons, de Brébeuf, Lalemant, each in turn, was shoved into the mouth of the two lines of screeching Iroquois. As each victim struggled through, he was beaten about the body and legs until, stunned, he hurled himself out at the far end.

Aching from head to foot, de Brébeuf lay huddled among the prisoners. He thanked God for the favor that was being done him, for the answer to his prayers, but felt his heart dead with grief when he thought of his Christian Hurons and the ruin that would follow. All along the three-mile race from St. Louis, he prayed God to save the others. St. Ignace captured, St. Louis burned, other towns in jeopardy, the Hurons were doomed. He had foreseen this, but now he was wit-

nessing the full force of the catastrophe. Ste. Marie would be attacked and perhaps all in it would be slaughtered. The mission of the Hurons would be completely blotted out. The triumph of the Iroquois agonized his soul more than their cruelty did his body.

Père Jean and Père Gabriel united themselves in prayer, as they hunched among their Hurons. There was no need for one to console the other, nor to arouse courage in the other, nor to lament, since each of them had revealed to the other his hopes of dying in the service of God. De Brébeuf, however, advised Lalemant that he might be spared, at least in the beginning, or might be carried down to the Iroquois country as a prisoner; in such case, he instructed Lalemant to try to escape, as had Isaac Jogues and François Bressani. They listened to each other's confession and raised their hands in absolution.

They shivered, in their nakedness, from the cold and winds of this bleak March day. About noon, they and the 60 Hurons were driven with blows and taunts into the huge cabin that de Brébeuf had hoped would one day be his Huron church. Through the darkness, he saw, over toward the eastern wall, many fires burning about the half-dozen torture posts. He and his comrades were piled together while hundreds of Iroquois, grotesquely smeared with red paint and caked blood, whirled in the serpentine files of the torture dance, and boasted how they would caress their victims. Echon and some Hurons, chosen for the first

tormentings, were kicked to their feet and commanded to dance and sing fheir death chant.

The ravenous rabble circled about the giant, white Echon who towered above them. They stalked him as they would a moose, as he ran at their commands up and down the cabin, chanting his Huron prayers and hymns. They leaped on him, broke the bones of his hands, tore out with their teeth his fingernails, munched his fingers in their mouths. They dragged him to one of the posts. He stumbled on his knees before it, embraced it with his bleeding hands, and kissed it before they reeled him to his feet, threw back his arms and fastened his wrists to it.

He knew the code, what they expected of him, what he might expect from them. On their part, they must burn him and slash him and otherwise torment him till they made him weep, till they forced him to plead for mercy, till they beat down his courage, till they won their complete victory by smashing him. On his part, he must show no fear of them, must give no sign that he was suffering, must not let slip a sigh or a cry. With strength drawn from God, he resolved to go beyond their savage code. His defiance would not be that of the savages who velled back hate at their cruel enemies. It would be that of the priest begging God to convert them from their savagery and to forgive them for their satanic cruelties.

The Iroquois whirled in circles about him, screeching their threats; but he did not hear them. They piled burning sticks about his feet, ran flaming torches up, down and between his legs, thrust firebrands around his neck and under his armpits, but he did not move, nor flinch, nor utter any cry. Puzzled, his tormentors pushed the torches closer until the skin frizzled, and slashed his flesh till the blood spurted out, but he remained as insensate as a huge white fock. They were astounded that any man could be so still, so silent. Jean de Brébeuf, visioning the God whom he loved, was truly oblivious of the pains of his body and the fury of his torturers.

Coming to consciousness after some moments, he opened his eyes, felt the pain of the burns and the wounds, looked down on the fires and the ferocious faces. He turned his head toward Lalemant and Annaotaha and the other Hurons, toward the other posts where some of the Hurons were being tortured. Lifting himself up on his toes, he spoke above the uproar: "My sons, my brothers, let us lift up our eyes to heaven in our afflictions. Let us remember that God is the witness of our sufferings, that very soon He will be our exceedingly great reward. Let us die in our Faith. Let us hope from Him the fulfillment of His promises to us. I have more pity for you than I have for myself. Bear up with courage under the few remaining torments. The sufferings will end with our lives. The grandeur which follows them will never have an end."

The Huron captives shouted to him their answers of courage and faith. One voice louder than the others

reached his ears, "Echon, our spirits will be in heaven while our bodies are suffering here on earth. Pray to God for us, that He may show us mercy. We will call upon Him, even unto death." While de Brébeuf continued to pray in a commanding voice, to exhort the Hurons being tortured at the nearby posts, to console Père Gabriel and the shackled prisoners, his tormentors stabbed him with javelin heads and sliced him with knives. Unmoved by their tormentings, he thundered at the top of his voice, "lésus taiteur! Jesus, have mercy on us!" His plea rang out like a battle cry and was answered by the Huron believers, "lésus taiteur!"

Angered to insanity by his defiance, the Iroquois thrust torches against his face and into his mouth. He spat out the burning splinters, shook off the embers, and preached at his tormentors, especially at the renegade Hurons who were now revenging themselves on him. He exhorted them to believe in the God whom they had rejected. They screamed back their hate of him and the Blackrobes, they cursed him and his French for killing their relatives and ruining their nation by his sorceries, they ridiculed his speeches about Baptism and heaven and hell.

A chief drove away the yelping braves. Echon strengthened himself for the next torment, as he watched them twist a rope of green withes into a collarband and fasten to it six red-hot hatchet heads. They lifted the collarband and the glowing hatchets about his head, and slung them on his shoulders, so that three irons ate

into his back if he bent forward, and three melted his chest if he leaned backward, and all six hatchets sizzled his flesh if he stood upright. While he writhed and twisted to swing off from him the burning irons, the Iroquois torturers screamed with delight, shouted their taunts of derision at the mighty Echon, and threw their bodies into the wild contortions of their blood dance. Undaunted, Brébeuf heaved out his prayer for them, and his petition for himself, "Jésus taiteur!" until the cords burned and the luminous hatchets fell at his feet.

The Iroquois were frantic because they could find no weakness in Echon, could draw from him no shriek of agony. A torture chief and his men fastened a wide belt of resinous bark about his thighs and waist. While they bound him, they tormented him with their obscene mockery. Awaiting the flame, he turned toward Lalemant and the believers. He exhorted them to keep their Faith, to pray as they suffered, to endure all so as to win victory. The chief set fire to the bark belt, the copper flames licked up about his body and head, and the tarry black smoke enveloped him. Though a living torch, he gasped and choked out his words that, though this flame consumes the body for a time, the fires of hell will consume the soul forever.

The Iroquois gazed at his blackened body and shoulders and face. When they heard him still shouting what they judged to be words of hate and defiance, their blood boiled with more hellish ferocity. They were being thwarted and defeated by this Blackrobe sorcerer. They could not burn out his courage nor could they devise torments that would break his spirit. The leader of the Huron renegades, who loathed him more than the Iroquois, offered a more devilish diversion. Over the raging fires, the former Hurons hung iron kettles filled with water.

The Huron-Iroquois spokesman quieted the tumult about Echon, and addressed him in amiable tones that made more horrible their blasphemous mockery. "My brother, Echon," he declared, "you were our good friend in the days gone by. You have often said in the councils that you wished to help and save our people. Now we wish to help you. Since we have such great pity on you, we shall soothe your burns with water." De Brébeuf, standing shackled to the torture post, answered the spokesman as mildly as he had often answered his enemies in the Huron councils and pleaded with him to remember the One-who-governed-110

"Echon," the former Huron spoke sweetly, "you see plainly that we treat you as a friend. You have often told us that we must be baptized in order that we may have eternal happiness. In turn, we wish to be the cause of your happiness in heaven. Thank us, then, for the good turn we do you. We believe what you have told us, that the more you suffer here, the more God will reward you hereafter."

They carried forward the steaming pots of boiling water and, while emptying them over his head, they shout-

ed, "Echon, we baptize you so that you may be happy in heaven. You know that you cannot be saved by your God without a proper baptism." Shaking off the scalding, blistering water, he exclaimed that he pitied them more than he pitied himself, that he was willing to suffer all that they did to him, if God would accept his pains for their salvation. Loudly, he uttered his prayer, that God might have mercy on them, that God might forgive them since they knew not what they did, that God might lead them all to Him through Baptism. "lésus taiteurl" he cried out, and heard the re-echoing answer from the Huron believers, "Jésus taiteur!"

They were more than ever enraged at him. He had no fear of them, he did not wince nor scream, he treated them like dogs or squaws in pitying them. More than that, he was giving courage to the little Blackrobe Atironta, and to all the Huron prisoners who, by now, were crying their defiances and bellowing their prayers. No longer could the Iroquois endure being shamed by his talk. One of them snatched his nose and slashed it off. Despite the blood spurting out, Echon endeavored to talk. Another sliced off his upper lip, then his lower lip, pulled out his tongue and hacked a piece off it. A third, plunging a fiery brand against the bleeding flesh, forced it into his mouth. Echon cast his head toward the Hurons, as if to speak to them, he looked at the Iroquois before him; he lifted his seared face to God, forcing up from his throat and chest a

hoarse, guttural roar, "Jésus, taiteur!"

Even the most brutal of them rested for a time, awe-stricken and defeated by this demon whom they could not conquer. The huge body of Echon sagged to the fires about his feet, silent at last, for his jaws were locked tight. But his eyes were open and, they thought, were still looking at them in pity and defiance. One of them closed his eyes forever by gouging them out with a flaming stick. They had not conquered his spirit, but they had broken and burned his body so that he could no longer fight against them.

They feared that he might die before they had finished with him. They
must offer him in sacrifice in the sight
of their sun god, Areskoui, and so they
dragged his body out of the murky
cabin into the clear sunlight of the
midafternoon. He still lived, though
he could no longer speak nor see nor
stand. The Iroquois fought about his
body, each one seeking to gash out a
piece of his flesh to roast and eat, for
it was the good meat of a brave man
and would give them courage against
their enemies.

They threw him up on the torture platform for the last rites in honor of Areskoui. The chief who claimed him as prisoner slid his sharp knife under the skin of his skull and yanked free the scalp as his trophy. As a token of victory, another chief hacked off the charred and blistered feet. While the mob howled and danced about the platform, he who claimed the final privilege felt about the ribs of Echon, then with his full strength thrust in

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his long hunting knife and cleaved a hole into which he pushed his hand. Tugging and cutting, he drew out the heart of Echon. He licked the blood away, stuck the heart on a spit, roasted it and ate it with gusto.

Other chiefs and braves sprawled upon the scaffolding and cupped the still spurting blood into their hands drink. Others, less fortunate, to smeared their hands and licked the blood. Never had they tortured a Huron or an Algonquin who feared them less, never had they had a victim who aroused in them such raving frenzies. Well it would be for them, after their sport in butchering Echon, to devour him. But there were others waiting to be tortured. A chief raised his tomahawk over the head of Echon, and slashed it down, splitting the jaw in two. Others had to be killed that afternoon.

Gabriel Lalemant, already beaten and bruised, blistered and burned, in the prelude of his torture, awaited his turn in the fetid longhouse. During the four hours of this day of doom, agonizingly yet exultantly, he had watched Père Jean throw off the cruelties of his persecutors, had listened to his exhortations, and responded with all his heart to the prayers being offered. When the savages dragged Jean's body out of the cabin, he had risen from his shackles, raised his hand and lifted his voice in the final Sign of the Cross and the words of the last absolution. He listened to the maniacal screams and howls of the Iroquois outside the longhouse. When

they lessened, he said the prayers for the dying and commended the soul of Père Iean to God.

The Iroquois pushed back through the doors of the wide, post-lined longhouse. With guttural shouts, they boiled their corn mush over the flickering fires. While they gorged themselves, they thrust pots to Lalemant and the Hurons, bidding them to eat plenty and to be strong for the sport of the night. Père Gabriel felt strangely calm, even happy. God seemed to be near him, to be within him. Though he knew what awaited him, very soon, he had no fear of the ordeal, for it would pass as it had passed for Jean. If his soul could endure the anguish of his body, he would gain his reward with God. Having strengthened himself, he thought of his people, of brave Stephen and his warriors of St. Louis. of those captured earlier at St. Ignace. He exhorted them to keep the faith Echon had taught them, and they encouraged him to die as courageously as Echon.

About nightfall, as he could see from the slits in the roof, Lalemant sensed the movement about him, some stirring up the fires, others replanting the torture posts, chiefs shouting out to their men to treat the prisoners well. He was suddenly startled when sneaking, snarling braves pounced on him, pulled him to his feet, commanded him to chant and dance, and hustled him to a post. Like Père Jean he fell on his knees before it, embraced it, kissed it as if it were the cross of Christ. They mauled and pounded

him with clubs and sticks, scratched his blisters and flesh with their fingernails, splintered his hands and crunched his fingers in their teeth before they bound him loosely to the pillar. They stood off and taunted Atironta. He was short as a squaw, skinny as a dog, too weak to bring back with them to their cabins. They boasted and threatened they would make him weep, they would draw yells of pain out of him, they would revenge themselves on him for the way Echon had defied them.

Little Atironta, like the giant Echon, faced them bravely, with no tremor of fear. He shouted to the Huron believers to have courage, to pray with him, to endure what God had ordered. "lésus taiteur!" he cried out above the shrieks of the Iroquois, and heard the resounding "lésus taiteur!" from the tethered believers. The chiefs and warriors had expected no such defiance from this scraggly white dwarf. They raged about him viciously, determined to break his spirit, and with his, the spirit of the other Hurons being tortured with him. About his feet and legs they piled the burning sticks to make him dance, while they laughed gleefully as he tried to kick the fire away. Up and down his legs and body and arms they sizzled his skin with their burning torches.

At intervals, the chiefs drove off the braves, for the council had decreed that Atironta should not be killed that night, but must be preserved as a morning sacrifice to Areskoui. But after periods of rest, the paint-streaked, blood-coated executioners stirred him

to his feet to test him further. They closed his arms over red-hot axes fastened in his armpits, and tightened his legs on glowing tomahawks. Though he shivered with agony, he locked his jaws so that no screech and no sigh would be uttered. When the paroxysm of pain had passed, he hurled out his voice in prayer to God and exhortation to his Huron believers, and begged for mercy on his tormentors. When he opened his lips, they thrust burning coals into his mouth. When he fainted. they let him rest for a while, watching for the first signs of consciousness so that they could begin again.

They roused him and fed him with gruel so that he might have strength to endure more. They fastened the belt of bark about his waist, and chortled with glee as he swirled about enveloped by flames and smoke. Freed from the fires, blackened and roasted though he was, he appeared to feel nothing of the burning. The Iroquois, angered because they could not subdue this Atironta, were aroused to greater passion by his challenge.

The renegade Hurons swarmed about him with their cauldrons of steaming water. Remembering Père Jean, he denounced them in French and in the Huron he had learned for their blasphemy and treachery, and he begged them to join with the other Huron believers in adoring the God of all. While they poured the scalding water over his head, they protested in mockery that they were baptizing him so that he would be happy in the life after death.

They stopped at the command of the chiefs, and let him recover, lest he die during the night. They looked down at his wizened little body, now burned almost to a crust, and felt themselves shamed and indignant that they had not been able to twist the spirit out of him. By his words and by his endurance, he was a bad omen for them. for he inspired the captive Hurons with courage. Late in the night, or early in the morning, after a spell of resting, they roused him. Once more, to all who would listen, he raised his voice in prayer and exhortation. To shut him up, they forced fiery faggots into his open mouth, they pried open his jaws and sliced off his tongue, closing his jaws on burning embers. His eyes, challenging them as had his tongue, they carved out and filled the sockets with glowing coals.

Fearing that he might die before the sun god arose, and being exhausted with the blood fever of the morning battle, the afternoon of sport with Echon, and the wild struggle to beat down Atironta through the night, they tried to untie the leather thongs that bound him to the post. The straps were knotted, so they chopped off his hands, and to staunch the blood pressed white hot axes to the stumps of his wrists. Letting him lie where his mangled body fell to the ground, the last of the Iroquois wrapped their robes about them and found a place to sleep among their snoring comrades.

The Iroquois were up with the sun, tingling with expectancy for another day of carnage and massacre. The chiefs, having held council together, instructed the warriors of their bands as to the plans for the day. Parties of them shook the earth with their war dances, and shrieked to the heavens their chants and their boasts, before they hurtled out of the stockades. Those who remained to guard the prisoners of St. Louis and St. Ignace had the privilege of finishing Atironta and the Hurons who had also been tortured through the night.

They dragged the bodies out of the cabin and into the morning sunlight. The heart of Atironta still beat, but faintly. That was good, for they would offer him up as a victim that Areskoui could look down upon. He had proved himself as brave as Echon, and to gain such courage for themselves, they carved off slivers of his flesh and sucked

his blood. They sliced off his scalp before one of them used his heart as a target for a musket ball. They dug out his heart to eat, before they crashed a tomahawk into his skull below the left ear.

Gabriel Lalemant began his martyrdom about six in the evening, two hours after Jean de Brébeuf escaped from the Iroquois and St. Ignace to God. All through the lengthening horror of the night, he had prayed and suffered. After 15 hours, about nine Wednesday morning, o'clock on March 17, 1649, he was given the final stroke of victory. From that moment, the saintly soul of Gabriel Lalemant, freed from his puny, charred and battered body, lying among the Huron corpses, lived in the splendor of God with his comrade, Jean de Brébeuf,



Pope Speaks to Pope

A YOUNG American cleric, a former U. S. Army chaplain now the secular head of a small Protestant denomination in Italy, is in a theological dilemma.

Despite the fact that his entire denomination numbers only 87 persons, he is the highest ranking clergyman of his particular religious sect in Rome. As such, he convenes from time to time on matters of policy and state function with the heads of other denominations, at which sessions he assumes an equal position and voice with that of the Pope. The young minister, spokesman for 87 persons, has become quite friendly and fond of the Pope whose congregation covers many millions throughout the world.

"But I feel like a traitor," the ex-chaplain explains. "His Holiness, who is sincere in wanting to be helpful, always asks me if there is anything he can do to help. All I can ever ask is, 'Please, could I have maybe 15 blessed rosaries

for my friends?' I can't decide whether I'm doing the right thing."

Peter J. McGovern.

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

Brady, Leo. THE EDGE OF DOOM. Dutton. 247 pp. \$3. A grim but gripping novel of sin and guilt. It failed to win the Christopher award, but it has been sold to the movies.

Brown, Lloyd A. The Story of Maps. Boston: Little, Brown. 397 pp., illus. \$7.50. Portrayal of Mother Earth's spherical form and features on flat paper was held up for centuries by limited travel, crude instruments and poor perspective. Hairline mapping of far places is a modern art.

THE COMMONWEAL READER. Edited by Edward S. Skillin. New York: Harper. 310 pp. \$3.50. Forty-six selections in social criticism, poetry, stories, and art analysis from files of an inquiring weekly's first quarter century. Introduction to a live force in Catholic thought.

Confraternity of the Precious Blood. Christ in the Gospels. Brooklyn. 448 pp. Various bindings, 50¢ to \$3.75. Text of four Gospels illustrated by 170 original drawings, and arranged for daily reading.

Corle, Edwin. The Royal Highway (El Camino Real). Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 351 pp., illus. \$4. Colorful history of the amputated Spanish-Mexican mission land now the coast of California. The trailer truck still follows the path worn by oxcarts of His Catholic Majesty.

Edwards, E. J. The Chosen [a novel]. New York: Longmans. 280 pp. \$3. Five college boys enter a seminary to become priests and find that study and discipline are smaller problems to them than their own traits of character. Informal, breezy style.

Flesch, Rudolf. The Art of Readable Writing. New York: Harper. 237 pp. \$3. Some rules and persuasive arguments for using ordinary language in writing. You may not charm, but you will be understood.

THE HAPPINESS OF HEAVEN, by a Father of the Society of Jesus. Westminster, Md.: Newman Press. 372 pp. \$2.50. The Bible and the teaching of the Church furnish a remarkably solid outline of the joys of heaven. What life with God will mean in terms of our soul, our body, and contacts with others of His friends.

Male, Émile. Religious Art; from the 12th to the 18th Century. New York: Pantheon. 208 pp., 48 plates. \$4.50. A history that reveals successive springs of medieval and postmedieval art in ancient illuminations, theology, love of nature, the religious plays, pathos, and controversy. The essence of four great volumes first published in French.

O'Faolain, Sean. The Irish; a Character Study. New York: Devin-Adair. 180 pp. \$2.75. What are the Irish really like? and why? Cool dissection of historical strands knit into the racial nervous system.

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Phelan, Paul J., compiler. A TIME TO LAUGH; a Risible Reader by Catholic Writers. New York: Longmans. 322 pp. \$4. Light but seldom silly effusions of the creative typewriter. Well selected.

Thomas Aquinas, Saint. Selected Political Writings, Edited by A. P. D'Entréves: Translated by J. G. Dawson. Oxford: Blackwell [Westminster, Md.: Newman Press]. xxxvi, 199 pp. \$2.25. St. Thomas on government and the duties of citizen and statesman. Original Latin text, English translation, and an introductory outline.



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THE CATHOLIC MISSION

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REVEREND LOUIS A. GALES, Managing Editor, THE CATHOLIC DIGEST St. Paul. 2, Minn., U. S. A.

Reverend and dear Father:

You cannot reach me by mail. Here in the center of China, I still enjoy the good fortune of not yet having been "liberated" by the communists. Not getting a copy of the CATHOLIC DIGEST regularly, owing to severed communications, will be my only misfortune. Of all the nice words I might say about the CATHOLIC DIGEST today, I think the nicest and the truest are these: "I'm going to miss the CATHOLIC DIGEST."

I look up at my latest copy of the DIGEST, and it seems to reply, "A little while, and you shall not see me; and again a little while, and you shall see me."

Sincerely yours in Christ,

(Rev.) Victorin J. Rosboschil, O.F.M.